

**GOP:
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The Hitlerati — Fascism a la Francaise, by Richard Grenier

NATIONAL REVIEW

TRADING BLOWS —

*New Labor and Old
Democrats Cement
Their Friendship*

Rich Lowry ♦ The Editors

**For Whom The
Bell Curves**

Charles Murray & Daniel Seligman

The New Green Order

Jeremy Rabkin

**Ed. School — Where
Ignorance Is Bliss**

Jonathan Leaf



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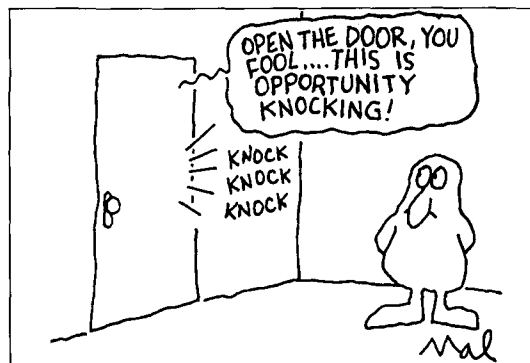


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NATIONAL REVIEW

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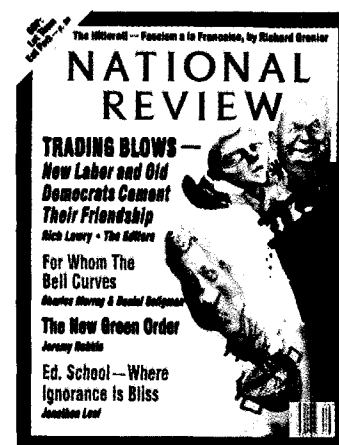
Dan Seligman and **Charles Murray** ask, three years after its publication, is *The Bell Curve* making a difference?

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54 It was a splendid myth, writes **Richard Grenier**. The French long regarded their own behavior during World War II as exemplary—excepting, of course, Vichy, which anyway wasn't the *real* France. Now the true story of French fascism, including its literary division, is beginning to be told. . . . Whatever you think of Protestantism as a religious expression, in American literature it has produced some spectacular windbags. **Jeffrey Hart** considers Alfred Kazin's *God and the American Writer*. . . . **E. V. Kontorovich** discovers a model of Jeffersonian virtue in an unlikely place: Garrison Keillor's *Wobegon Boy*. . . . After reading *Beyond All Reason*, Daniel A. Farber and Suzanna Sherry's exposé of radical multiculturalist legal scholarship, **Mark Miller** reflects on law professors who tell stories out of school, and in school too. . . . **John Simon** rides on *The Wings of the Dove* and applauds the civilized entertainment of *Beaumarchais*. . . . When in Paris, **Priscilla Buckley** does as the Parisians do—and rents an apartment.

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LETTERS

Ratings Wars

Loved Walter A. McDougall's "Rating the Presidents" [Oct. 27]. Virtually every other rating by "reputable historians" (which always includes such as Arthur Schlesinger Jr.) seems to rank all Democrats as great or near great, and all Republicans as below average or failed. I thought Mr. McDougall's was (especially for an avowedly conservative magazine) well balanced. The biggest outrage in the other ratings is the consistent placement of JFK as equal to or above Ike. Thank you for setting the record straight.

John M. Draghi
TeddyBG@classic.msn.com

It seems to me that Mr. McDougall's ranking is similar to those of liberal historians: tangible achievement is equivalent to "greatness," absence of it to sub-par performance. In addition, effects of Presidents' behavior that bore down on their successors sometimes are overlooked. This is exactly the tendency of Messrs. Schlesinger et al.

K. R. Constantine Gutzman
Charlottesville, Va.

It hardly seems fair to rank William Henry Harrison and James Garfield as failures merely for dying early in their term of office when Jimmy Carter, Lyndon Johnson, Woodrow Wilson, et al. had to work so hard for the distinction.

Sam Wilson
Chicago, Ill.

The rating was great. I often wonder, though, why when we talk about "the Presidents," we always leave out the first eight. The United States of America became a nation with a constitutional government with the signing of the Articles of Confederation. Under the Articles, eight Presidents were elected. The first, John Hanson, was instrumental in getting the states to ratify the Articles. One wonders why we have forgotten these patriots.

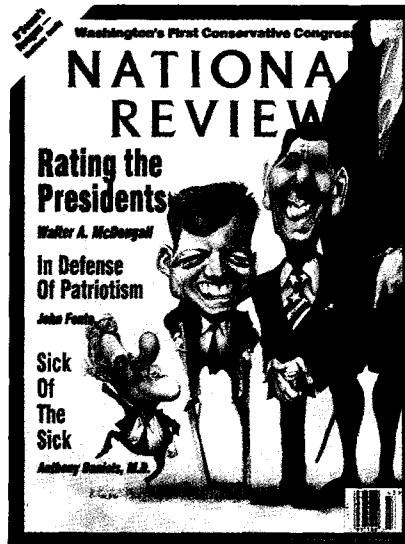
Darnall Daley
Wyomissing, Pa.

Mr. McDougall is far, far off base in his assessment of FDR as great. It may indeed be correct not to judge historical figures based on present-day ideologies, but we can't help taking note of the legacies of FDR's policies. Just as we are today reaping the benefits of Reagan's greatness, we

remain stifled by the New Deal. Many of our biggest current problems (Social Security, activist judges) come directly from FDR. And even Mr. McDougall notes that some of FDR's policies were unconstitutional.

Russell Fortney
Odenton, Md.

Professor McDougall's summation of the Lincoln Presidency couldn't have been more wrong. His concept of the man is apparently based on the idolatrous smarm of Sandburg or the anti-Southern bias of Ken Burns or James McPherson. Mr. Lincoln usurped the Constitution in every



imaginable way. From unlawful suspension of habeas corpus to abridging the rights of the free press by seizing newspaper offices, Lincoln proved that the Bill of Rights meant nothing to him. And let's not forget that in making war against the Confederate States of America, Lincoln had to pretend that the Ninth and Tenth Amendments didn't really exist.

Joel Fetner
Newnan, Ga.

George Bush a below-average President? Not only did he show "true finesse in stitching together the Gulf War coalition," but he also demonstrated remarkable prescience. Had Saddam Hussein been permitted to keep Kuwait, the Arab world would have rallied around him, and pro-Saddam revolutions in the various Arab nations would have enabled him finally to

realize the pan-Arab dream. A United Arab States under the control of Saddam would have threatened and finally succeeded in dominating Europe, doubtless under the guise of "humanitarian missions" aimed at protecting the rights of the "persecuted Arab minorities" in those countries.

Bill Clinton merely below average? His Administration's policy has been to aid and abet ethnic, racial, and sexual balkanization. If his policies remain unaltered, America will surely break apart into warring factions sometime before 2050, after which these new petty states will be gobbled up one by one by unified foreign powers. Clinton's isn't a below-average Presidency, it is a pernicious one. George Bush will quite possibly be remembered by posterity as the last truly American President, after whose patriotic tenure the nation inexplicably threw itself onto the altar of multiculturalism.

Kevin Beary
New York, N.Y.

To borrow the slogan of the National Basketball Association, "I love this game!" History, of course, is an argument without end, but perhaps I can address these correspondents (and many others who contacted me personally) by repeating that one of my three criteria was how great a political success a given President was. That is, how his performance was perceived by the American people at the time. As much as I share Mr. Fortney's distaste for FDR and Mr. Beary's admiration for Bush, I bowed to the fact that the former was elected four times by an adoring nation, while the latter somehow lost a "sure thing," thereby saddling the country with, as Mr. Beary puts it, a "pernicious" Clinton Administration. As for Lincoln, that debate has been aired at length in these pages, and at a far higher level than I can achieve. But I do confess to being a native of Illinois. Finally, to all those who questioned my "below average" for Truman, I assure you that choice was tough. His foreign policies were courageous and realistic, especially by comparison to Roosevelt's. But once again domestic politics swayed me, inasmuch as Harry's polls had hit rock bottom by 1952 and his Fair Deal proposals made FDR look libertarian by contrast. —WMcD

Persecutions

Don Barnett's "Persecution Complex" [Nov. 10] contained a number of factual errors on refugee policy. Neither I nor, to my knowledge, any other member of Congress called for a 40 per cent increase in refugee numbers this year. I and other members of both parties voiced concerns with the Clinton Administration's proposed plan to reduce the admission of persecuted Jews and Evangelicals from the former So-



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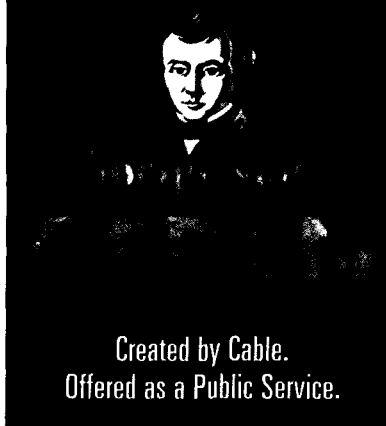
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viet Union by 25 per cent. Significantly reducing such admissions at a time when the Russian parliament has passed a law restricting the rights of Evangelical Christians and other religious minorities would, among other things, send a dangerous signal that America views such persecution with indifference. Today, fully half the refugees from the former Soviet Union are Evangelicals. I, along with Jewish, Catholic, Evangelical, and other religious organizations, welcomed the President's decision to reverse course and restore 5,000 admission slots for those persecuted in the former USSR.

The Refugee Act of 1980 did not list 50,000 refugees as the long-term objective of U.S. refugee policy, as implied. In fact, that Act only states that, after 1982, the President must consult with Congress in setting the annual ceiling; it does not give any number for future years. It is also not the case that refugee admissions in 1997, as set by the President, will be "more than" 100,000. This fiscal year saw fewer than 75,000.

America cannot take in all the world's refugees nor, correctly, has it ever been the goal of U.S. policy to do so. But significant humanitarian and foreign-policy concerns, and our tradition as a generous nation and as a world leader, should guide us in providing assistance to victims of persecution.

Sen. Spencer Abraham (R., Mich.)
Washington, D.C.

Refugee NGOs [non-governmental organizations] requested an admission ceiling for FY98 of 111,550, a 43 per cent increase over FY97. I apologize for not confirming the exact amount of the increase supported by Sen. Abraham, but even 43 per cent would be inadequate for the new groups under consideration for admission as refugees. One can reasonably infer that supporters of the 1980 Refugee Act expected annual admissions eventually to level off at 50,000. The version of the bill considered in the Seventies had an annual cap of 50,000, which did not make it into the bill we have today because of the, presumably temporary, Vietnamese refugee crisis. It is no accident that a 50,000 cap was recommended by the U.S. Commission on Immigration Reform.

My original draft stated that the FY97 admissions estimate included Cubans, only a small portion of whom are accounted for in the 75,000 cited by Sen. Abraham. (Under section 501 of the Refugee Education Assistance Act of 1980, Cuban entrants are eligible for the same services as refugees resettled under the Refugee Act.) Finally, within the last week I have heard from Russian Evangelical leaders both here and in Russia. They readily

state that most Evangelicals arriving on the refugee program do not face persecution at home and that there is nothing in the religion bill passed by the Russian parliament that would make a refugee of anyone. Those concerned about America's continuing to provide assistance to victims of persecution should be concerned with the refugee program and its evolution into an accretion of group entitlements. —DB

Unfair to White Men

By fabricating the character "Earl" from the Promise Keepers' rally, Florence King ["The Misanthrope's Corner," Nov. 10] has exposed her true self. Had she written a comparable article about Leroy from the Million Man March, Chief Thundercloud from the reservation, Aaron from the Gaza Strip, or Florio from Brooklyn, we would call her a female Archie Bunker. We Southern, hypocritical, church-going, male, hardworking sinners have our rights too.

Paul A. Wood, MD
Camden, S.C.

Tidal Wave

I am appalled at the lack of ethics in our medical system ["Wave of the Future," by Gregg L. Cunningham, Nov. 10]. And our President has twice vetoed a ban against a particularly barbaric form of killing a partially delivered baby. I have a suggestion which might help to counter this culture of death. Since President Clinton seems to feel that this is an acceptable form of killing, I suggest that the "procedure" be given the formal name of "Clinton Abortion." Referring to it by this name would not only stigmatize the President for this abhorrent stance, but might assist him in beginning to rethink his opinion.

William F. Brna
Monongahela, Pa.

No Plagiarism

I would like to clarify Mr. Edward W. Eichel's inaccurate statement ["Letters," Nov. 24] regarding Concerned Women for America. He stated that CWA "was obliged to publish a correction in the *Family Voice* magazine (August 1997) in response to Mr. Eichel's pointing out a yet further example of plagiarism involving Dr. Reisman." This is false.

CWA was obliged to do nothing. The original citation of the source in our magazine was both correct and accurate as printed. The reason we printed a correction was to attribute a quote to Mr. Eichel as a co-author of *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud*. Our action had nothing to do with plagiarism.

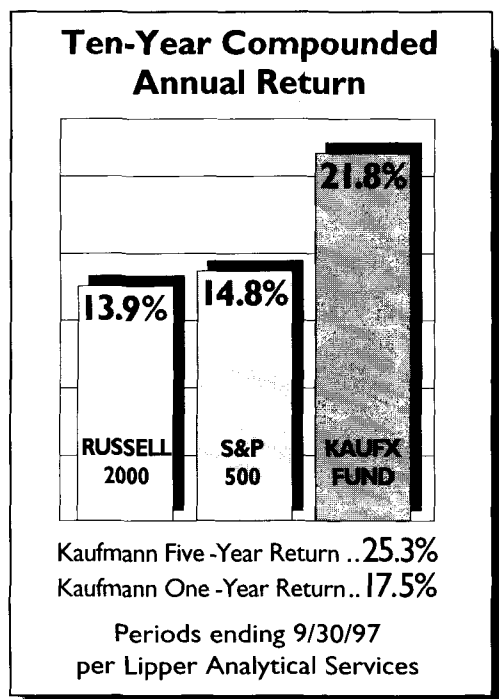
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FROM THE EDITOR

A Slice of History

■ "Read biography," said Disraeli, "for that is life without theory." And to grasp the truth of that remark, read an obituary. Those in the U.S. press, alas, are usually perfunctory at best. But British newspapers—notably, the *London Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*—run long, serious and (sometimes) frank obituaries.

They are among the most popular pages in a newspaper. I used to think this was because elderly readers turned to them in a spirit of cut-throat competition: "Aha. Saw *him* out."

But there is a deeper reason. Each obituary is the story of an interesting life. Taken together, obituaries over several years constitute the nation's history in recent times—but a history that is fuller, richer and truer precisely because it lacks any kind of theoretical intent or even method of selection (that is the Grim Reaper's department).

And, just occasionally, a single obituary will give us a panoramic view of society as surely as a great novel does. One such obituary appeared recently in the *London Times*: of Michael von Clemm, president of Templeton College, Oxford.

Von Clemm was an American, born on Long Island, educated at Exeter and Harvard. He and his wife left the U.S. to pursue postgraduate studies in anthropology at Oxford and, later, to spend two years with a Tanganyikan tribe.

He flirted with notions of journalism and the World Bank, where he thought that his anthropological expertise might be of use—"Giving aid to societies without knowing how the societies work would be like pouring money down the drain," he said—but saved himself much frustration by making finance his principal career instead. He joined the London office of Citibank where he invented several financial instruments, helping to found the "Eurodollar" market and to establish London as the world's leading financial center.

But his life touched others at many points. He was active in business education at Harvard and Templeton college. He saw the potential of London's

derelict East End docks and helped to revive them as a location for offices. He even helped revive British cuisine, borrowing \$900 in 1967 to help the Roux brothers start their restaurant business which has since expanded from the celebrated *Le Gavroche* to a catering empire.

I could borrow more from the obituary about his many interests: Asia, the fine arts, his presidency of the English-speaking Union in the U.S. But enough has been written to show that von Clemm's was a wonderful life of which his wife and daughters must be enormously proud even as they grieve.

For others, the obituary of an idealistic American anthropologist who became an international financier and head of an Oxford college is, in effect, a slice of history. So our relative neglect of the obituary form is significant: another example of the ongoing national lobotomy we call American culture.

■ Following the defeat of "fast track" (see "The Week"), Rich Lowry describes the new coalition rising against the free-trade consensus, dominant since 1945.

The new coalition calls itself "nationalist." But it is largely a left-wing grouping, dependent on the AFL-CIO for money, "nationalist" on trade alone, and devoutly liberal on issues like multiculturalism which strike at the heart of American nationhood.

It does have some conservative supporters. But their presence can best be explained as the result of a GOP leadership which has failed to satisfy nationalist voters—as large a slice of the electorate as the Christian Right—even when it could have done so by taking respectably conservative positions.

Jeremy Rabkin cites one such issue in his important article on the creeping loss of U.S. sovereignty to international bodies. Bilingualism is a second, mass immigration a third. But as long as the GOP refuses to address the concerns of nationalists it will find that they flee to the false prophets of protectionism on the left.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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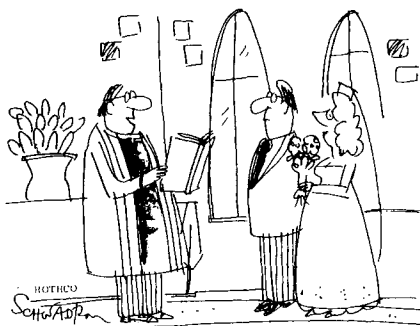
■ Rep. **Jennifer Dunn** (R., Wash.) has hired **Cindy Williams**, formerly an aide to **Elizabeth Dole**, to work on increasing Republicans' appeal to women. D.C. rumor mill sees plan to lay groundwork for another Dole campaign for President—and for a Dunn campaign for Speaker. . . . House Budget Committee Chairman **John Kasich** (R., Ohio) eyes Presidency, recruits heavy-hitter GOP operatives including **Ed Gillespie**, **Don Fierce**, **Stuart Stevens**, **Chuck Greener**, **Curt Anderson**, **Ed Goeas**. . . . National Empowerment Television ousts **Paul Weyrich** as president, citing differences over direction of network; Weyrich will remain on board of directors. . . . Business Roundtable upsets GOP by hiring Democratic consultant **Bob Squier** to make ads for fast track. "They still have this propensity to feed the hand that bites them," says Gillespie about Roundtable. . . . After feuding between RNC chief of staff **Michael Hook** and political director **Tommy Hopper**, chairman **Jim Nicholson** fires both. Replacing Hook is **Mitch Bainwol**, who leaves as chief of staff to Sen. **Connie Mack** (R., Fla.). Mack, considering a presidential bid, lobbied for Bainwol to get the RNC post.

■ Conservative **Dylan Glenn** is running against Rep. **Sanford Bishop** (D., Ga.), who won only 54 per cent of vote last year. If elected, Glenn would be first black Republican from Deep South since Reconstruction. . . . Death of Rep. **Walter Capps** (D., Calif.) sets off special-election scramble. Democrats are likely to run widow, **Lois Capps**. To distress of local conservatives, national GOP leaders, including **Newt Gingrich**, are pushing liberal Assemblyman **Brooks Firestone**, heir to the tire-company fortune, over **Tom Bordonaro**. RNC insiders retort that Firestone is self-financing and polls better. . . . *CQ Monitor* reports that Sen. **Orrin Hatch** (R., Utah) wants to "prohibit smoking in all restaurants in the country, without exception."

■ Conservative Houston lawyer **J.**

Corbin Van Arsdale wins first big case, getting a court to strike down racial setaside program of Metropolitan Transit Authority with sweeping language that could threaten other preference programs. . . . **Barbara Bush** tells *Texas Monthly's* **Paul Burka**: "This is the Bush economy. . . . His tax policies saved Clinton, but they lost office for him." Also: "Most nights they watch TV. 'We're crazy about *A&E* and the *History Channel*,' she said, although, she added, 'There's too much Hitler.'" Mrs. Bush on negative reviews of son **George W.**'s August speech to Republicans in Indianapolis: "I thought it was a great speech. I watched it while I was having my nails done, and my manicurist cried."

■ What next from Clinton? **George Stephanopoulos** says that "the last three years are going to be largely a rhetorical Presidency. . . . Legislatively, it's over." . . . **Dick Morris** writes open letter to Pres. Clinton in *The Hill*: "The 1997 elections brought you bad news. The 1998 races will be a disaster." . . . Has the Left learned anything? *The Nation* on the lessons of **Ruth Messinger's** defeat in race for NYC mayor: "Moving toward the center and ignoring race may work for Bill Clinton, but it doesn't play in New York." It concedes that **Rudolph Giuliani's** "success should convince progressives how important safety and public order are to people," but argues, "A city polarized between the super-rich and super-poor



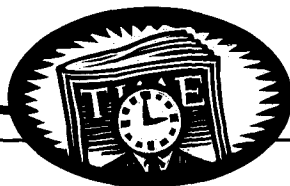
"Do you promise to love, honor, and accept the consequences of the marriage-tax penalty?"

can never be safe." Needed: someone to "counter Giuliani's meanness and coded racism." . . . *The Nation* on "Wall Street's Crashlet": "For some reason, ordinary Americans have not drawn the connection between their economic anxieties and Wall Street's exuberance—instead, they're rooting for more." . . . *Texas Observer's* **Karen Olsson** reports that at recent leftie confab, *The Nation's* **Katha Pollitt** "admitted that at that magazine the editors often feel cloistered: sometimes, she said, they try to think of writers under thirty, and cannot."

■ **Jesse Jackson** on quotacrat **Bill Lann Lee's** nomination to head Justice Department Civil Rights Division: "To reject Bill is a hate crime." . . . **Peter LaBarbera**, publisher of conservative *Lambda Report on Homosexuality*, denounces **Fred Phelps**, who pickets funerals of homosexuals with signs that say, "God Hates Fags." Says LaBarbera, "Phelps is a crude caricature of a Christian minister. . . . Every pro-family leader and activist I've met is disgusted with Phelps's hateful message." . . . AFL-CIO sets up toll-free line connecting citizens with Capitol Hill switchboard. The number is 1-888-723-5246.

■ Pres. **Boris Yeltsin** and Pres. **Jiang Zemin** conclude third summit meeting in 20 months with announcement of a "strategic partnership." . . . In nationwide TV address on day Communist Revolution was traditionally celebrated, Yeltsin called on Russians to remember victims of civil war that followed it and to forgive those who "committed a fateful historical error" by putting a "utopian idea" above human lives. . . . **Henry Kissinger** says Palestinian statehood is inevitable. . . . U.S. buys 21 Russian-built MiG-29C jets from Moldova to keep them out of Iranian hands. . . . Two thousand Catholic women in southern Vietnam strip naked, clash with police to protest church demolition. . . . How committed are the Chinese to free markets? **James Galbraith** is an advisor to Chinese government on macroeconomic reform.

■ Media Research Center passes along this tidbit from reporter **Elizabeth Mehren** in *Los Angeles Times*: "So, [Anita Hill] was asked, does she sometimes feel like the **Joan of Arc** of sexual harassment? Sure, Hill replied, and here came the mirth the Senate never saw: 'I refuse to die, though.'" *Mirth?*



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THE WEEK

■ In a defining moment, Mr. Clinton, out of the blue, told reporters that he had not eaten at McDonald's since becoming President. Coughing and murmuring ensued. Soon the White House was called in on the case. Well, um, yes, said a spokesman, that was the literal truth: the President merely stopped for coffee and did not actually *eat* anything. Better than the President's saying that he tried a Big Mac once but didn't swallow, but still.

■ Last week, four Republicans joined Democrats on the House Judiciary Committee to sidetrack the bill sponsored by Rep. Charles Canady (R., Fla.) to end race and gender preferences in the Federal Government. They were: Elton Gallegly (Calif.), who had reportedly said he would support the bill; Ed Pease (Ind.); Steve Buyer (Ind.), who adduces slights against his black college roommate as a reason to continue official discrimination; and George Gekas (Pa.), who is willing to maintain race-based policies because he abhors being called a racist. Dick Arney had earlier cautioned that the time is not right to oppose preferences, but he proposed no strategy for hastening that time. The Republican leadership says the latest defeat shows that opponents of preferences have not worked hard enough to rally backbenchers to their side; but it has been hard to rally them when their leaders are so plainly nervous of the issue.

■ Colin Powell says he lacks the passion for political life. So do GOP congressional leaders, but that does not keep them out of Washington.

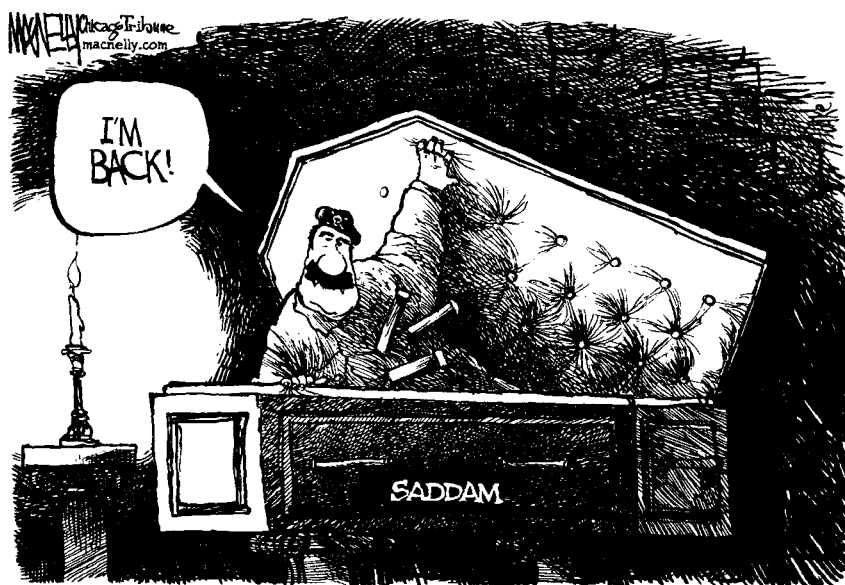
■ This is the party of tax reform? Republican governors Pete Wilson (Calif.), George W. Bush (Tex.), Jim Edgar (Ill.), Tom Ridge (Pa.), and George Pataki (N.Y.) want mail-order companies to collect sales taxes from out-of-state customers. Working together, the governors would form a cartel to thwart the federalist competition they otherwise praise—consumers would no longer be able to avoid local taxes by buying goods through catalogues or over the Internet. But the mail-order companies, at first willing to play along in exchange for more lenient treatment from state auditing boards, changed their tune after receiving thousands of phone calls from outraged customers. Free Market: 1, GOP: 0.

■ President Clinton attended a conference on hate crimes at George Washing-

ton University, promising to add new categories of victims (notably gays) to existing federal laws (a bill to do so is sponsored by Sens. Ted Kennedy and Arlen Specter). The Department of Housing and Urban Development pledged to stiffen civil penalties in cases under its jurisdiction. Everyone said things were bad, and felt good for saying so. No one said the following. 1) "Hate crime" is a logically unnecessary category. Crimes are crimes. Vandals and the violent should be punished, no matter what their motives, and no matter what the color of their victims or themselves. 2) Definitions of "hate crime" are politically motivated. Of 4,831 racial "hate crimes" recorded by the FBI in 1995 (a minuscule fraction of the crime problem), 62 per cent were committed against blacks, and 25 per cent against whites. Yet according to Justice Department figures, there are 1.3 million inter-racial crimes per year, 90 per cent of whose victims are white. Who is doing the counting? Answer: liberals. "Hate crime" is a device to avoid dealing with crime as such while dealing with crimes especially disfavored by liberals, and a whip to flog a few more strides out of the tired horse of group favoritism. It is evasive, manipulative, and dishonest. A perfect policy for Mr. Clinton.

■ Janet Reno won't rest until no stone is left turned.

■ Steve Forbes got, and deserved, criticism from pro-lifers in 1996. His comments on abortion were defensive and equivocal: he said he abhorred it, but thought cultural change necessary before anything could be done. Yes, came the reply, but how would he help to effect that change? His answers were not encouraging: mandating parental notification, and banning abortion for sex selection (an unenforceable proposal). Above all, he did not say whether his ultimate goal was legal recognition of the right to life. Since then, he has fleshed out his position in a way that answers the objections without contradicting his earlier statements, most recently in a fine essay in *Policy Review*. Law is part of culture, he argues, and polit-



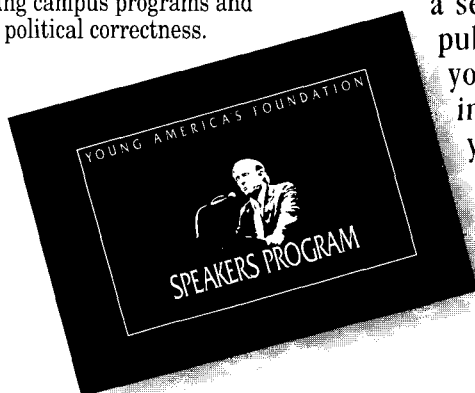
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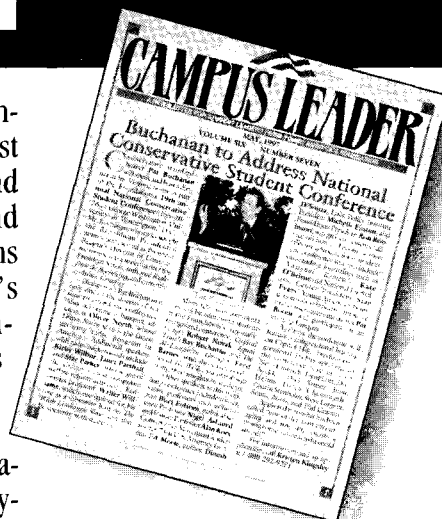
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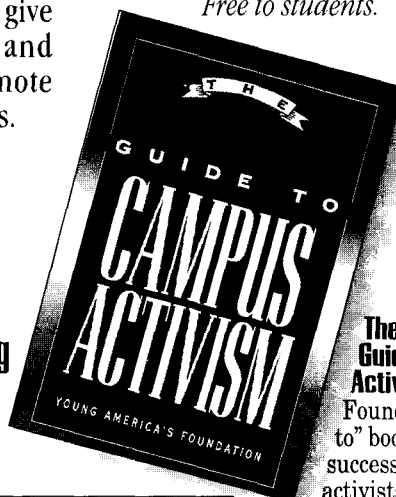
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The Duck's Gone Lame

*As Clinton gimps around the track
With here and there a breathy "quack,"
Recalling grouse who try to trick
The hunter from a frightened chick,
House Democrats desert the stands
Or sit, like Gephardt, on their hands,
While pundits whisper "Woodrow" to
A Sunday-morning TV crew.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



ical struggles can help change public opinion little by little until full legal protection of the unborn is reached. His continued support for exceptions in the case of rape or incest is strictly inconsistent with that goal, but pro-lifers overlooked that in the case of President Bush. Social conservatives should welcome Mr. Forbes as a comrade-in-arms and urge him to continue in the right direction, not suspect him as a panderer.

■ President Clinton addressed a dinner of the Human Rights Campaign, a gay lobbying group, and Elizabeth Birch, the executive director, hailed him as "the first President in history to stand up for our civil rights." How's that? Homosexuals have been voting, speaking, and (except when cruising) assembling freely since 1776. They were never, as a class, held as slaves. Miss Birch meant, not civil rights, but "civil rights"—mobilizing the government to establish protected classes of employees—and, yes, not many Presidents have stood up for that.

■ The original poster read, "For those struggling with homosexuality, there is hope in the truth. You can walk away." Readers were invited to a presentation on National Coming Out of Homosexuality Day, sponsored by the Harvard Law School's Society for Law, Life, and Religion. Within a day, the posters had been replaced with clever but vile new posters: "For those struggling with Judaism, there is hope in the truth. You can walk away. (To the gas chambers.)" Jeff Jacoby, the *Boston Globe's* token conservative columnist, wrote about the incident, gently questioning the facile, conversation-ending equation of traditional virtue and "hate." The *Globe's* ombudsman then wrote a column attacking Jacoby for intolerance, homophobia, and other sins against diversity—spurred on by Jacoby's copy editors, both of them gay activists. Enforcing tolerance is hard work.

■ Despite his high rating, black radio talk-show host Larry Elder just had his broadcast hours slashed by the management at Disney-owned KABC in Los Angeles. The action comes in the wake of a boycott of Elder's ad-

vertisers by the Talking Drum Community Forum, a hate group of leftist blacks angry with Elder because he does not preach black victimhood. Instead, he counsels that the psychology of entitlement is debilitating—and that education and hard work are the route to success. He also offers unconventional, generally libertarian views on policy issues. His take on affirmative action: "When I get on an airplane, I don't want to know that the pilot is black. I want to know that he kicked butt in flight school." For such heresies KABC has pulled him off afternoon drive time and relegated him to the limbo of 3 to 5 p.m., when listenership is light. So far, no protest from Rep. Maxine Waters or any of the other black L.A. politicians who ordinarily make outrage their stock-in-trade.

■ **TOUGH REVIEWS DEPT.:** Taking umbrage at an "anti-North drama" produced in South Korea, North Korea volunteered to blow up the offending TV station.

■ On two successive weekends in November the State University of New York at New Paltz offered programs sponsored by its Women's Studies Department under the rubric of "Revolting Behavior." Audiences heard about "Challenging Compulsory Heterosexuality," "Queer Sex," "From Judgment to Desire: A Brief Overview of Lesbian Sexuality," "Reclaiming our Sexuality: The Experience with Latinas," and "How to Get What You Want in Bed." There was a "workshop" on "Sex Toys for Women," and a performance by Shelly Mars, a stripper in a bisexual bathhouse. In the ensuing public furor, all of this was defended absurdly and pompously as "academic freedom" and "free speech." But true academic freedom means the privilege of qualified scholars to examine, according to established criteria, any subject whatever—including abnormal psychology. It by no means legitimizes a freak show staged by "transgressive" tenured wackos. What we had at New Paltz was an exercise in hostility and calculated political aggression in an academic environment that hates norms and in which "transgression" is a compliment. If we did not think it would be deemed a compliment, we would call it grotesque.

■ Meanwhile, the Church of England has decided to drop the Ten Commandments from its Book of Alternative Services on the grounds that services are "too long and somber." There is Biblical precedent for livelier ones—something about a golden calf.

■ In big-city school districts, hall monitors keep children from shooting and raping each other. In Alabama's DeKalb County the danger is different but, in U.S. District Judge Ira DeMent's ruling, the solution is the same. The lawless youths in Alabama are openly saying such things as "in Jesus' name" and "Our Father, Who art in Heaven." To meet the threat of students' offering prayers at the start of the school day and before football games, Judge DeMent sent in prayer monitors. Yet the heedless teens would not be stopped. Many gathered menacingly out-

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JAN LUKAS

side school buildings, kneeling and praying and blocking wheelchair access. The boy whose parents had brought the suit that resulted in Judge DeMent's intervention was terrorized by youths who recited the Lord's Prayer when he entered the lunch room. "Religiously based harassment," Judge DeMent called it, and ordered school administrators to take action. If the judicial arm fails, the state legislature, or possibly Congress, may have to consider laws establishing "prayer-free zones" around schools.

■ On November 8 (October 26 Old Calendar, hence the "October Revolution") Soviet Communism turned 80—and no one even noticed. What more need be said?

Sound the Retreat

SADDAM Hussein and Bill Clinton faced off; so far, Mr. Clinton has been in retreat.

At the end of October, Saddam Hussein suddenly objected to the presence of Americans in the UN

inspection team that monitors his clandestine programs to build weapons of mass destruction. It was a phony objection: the UN Special Commission (Unscm) was not a U.S.-dominated operation but a truly international team, with members from 35 nations, trying to ensure Saddam's compliance with post-Gulf War UN Security Council resolutions. Operating continuously inside Iraq since the war, Unscm had restricted Saddam's clandestine programs generally, and had detected the areas in which he was trying to cheat (especially biological weapons and the ballistic missiles to deliver them). That is why Saddam wanted to cripple it.

The prospect of U.S. military action did not, as some timid souls would have it, constitute a crisis. The real crisis is what we shall face if Saddam completes his programs. Once he has missile-deliverable biological or chemical weapons, he will intimidate the entire Middle East, terrorizing his Gulf Arab neighbors and threatening Israel. He may even be able to target major European capitals. That will mark the renewal of his bid for hegemony over the energy lifeline of the Western world, and a reversal of the outcome of the Gulf War.

Right Data

YES. It's almost there. The federal budget deficit fell to a 23-year low of \$23 billion in FY97. The budget will move into surplus by 2002 for the first time since 1969, according to the latest projections of the Congressional Budget Office. But there's a big asterisk here: unlike the surplus in 1969, this one will be achieved with the aid of a bogus surplus in the Social Security Trust Fund. Without this accounting gimmick 2002 would be just another in a long string of deficits.

Ever since 1990, federal spending has declined as a share of GDP. That's the good news. The bad news is that this is almost entirely due to the decline in defense spending from 5.3 per cent of GDP in 1990 to 3.4 per cent now (1997). Non-defense spending under President Clinton has remained at about 17.2 per cent of GDP despite the vibrant economy—meaning that it has increased substantially in dollar terms.

Now the really bad news: taxes went up decisively last year. Federal taxes took 19.8 per cent of GDP in FY97, the

largest share since 1945. The state and local tax take is increasing too, to an estimated 11.1 per cent of GDP this year. So the total tax share (30.9 per cent of GDP) exceeds the inflation/bracket-creep peak of 1981 (30.2 per cent) and

or an increase in eligibility age to 67 from 65. Social Security was completely untouched.

A big wild card: the newly enacted Kidcare. This legislation extends health insurance to uninsured children in families with income below 200 per cent of the poverty line. Many Republicans, including conservative ones, voted for Kidcare. Their rationale? This program would supposedly allow states to experiment with private-sector alternatives to Medicaid. But Clinton Administration bureaucrats are interpreting the new law differently: states that cover children in traditional Medicaid will receive matching funds regardless of the cost of the expansion; states that experiment will receive nothing beyond their original grant. Some choice.

So Kidcare could be as unpredictable as Medicare.

Medicare, you may recall, cost just \$3 billion its first year (1966). At the time, the House Ways and Means Committee forecast that it would cost about \$12 billion by 1990. This was supposedly a conservative estimate. The government's green eyeshades failed to realize, however, that subsidizing medical services tends to push up the costs of the services. The actual cost of Medicare in 1990: \$107 billion.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

THE FEDERAL BUDGET IN THE NEXT MILLENNIUM
(Percentage of GDP)

	Expenditures			Total Revenues	(Deficit)/ Surplus
	Total	Defense	Entitlements		
1980	21.7%	5.0%	9.6%	19.0%	(2.7)%
1990	22.0	5.3	10.0	18.2	(3.8)
1997	20.1	3.4	11.3	19.8	(0.3)
2002E	18.8	3.0	11.9	19.1	0.3
2010E	19.0	2.6	14.3	19.1	0.1
2020E	24.6	2.4	17.3	19.1	(5.5)
2030E	31.7	2.2	19.7	19.1	(12.6)

Sources: OMB; CBO; Bipartisan Commission on Entitlements.
Updated by author to reflect 1997 Budget Act.

1944's wartime record (25.4 per cent).

We'll need it, and more, to pay for entitlements and other mandatory programs. Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid now account for 40 per cent of all federal spending; in 1980 they accounted for 28 per cent. Although Medicare took a big hit in the recent budget deal (a \$155-billion cut over five years), there were no real reforms like Medical Savings Accounts, means tests,

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-- Ricardo Montalban

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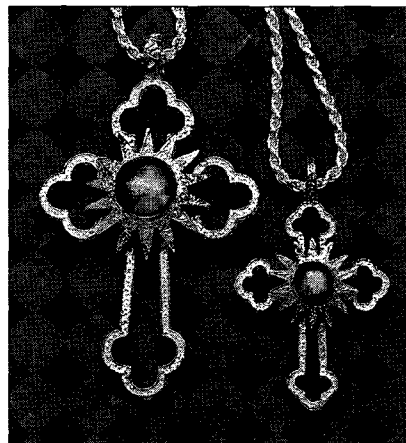
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Leftover Monsters

*Worse than Nessie, who just scares
Scots she catches unawares,
When Saddam struts on the stage
Dragging, like a stole, his cage,
Till, like Abie's Irish Rose,
It appears he'll never close,
Cranky critics question why
Powell never zonked the guy.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



What to do? One of Saddam's motives was to exploit differences among members of the Security Council, some of whom (France, Russia) cannot wait to get back into the lucrative Iraqi oil business. The Security Council stood with America on the principle—that Saddam may not exclude Americans from Unscm—but balked at authorizing a military response. Our Arab friends, unsure of U.S. resolve, sent ambiguous signals too. For the Clinton Administration, the result was paralysis. This is an Administration that worships the UN and “multilateralism”; so unilateral action was out of the question. It is also an Administration that is uncomfortable with the use of military power; so three weeks went by before the President ordered additional U.S. forces to the region.

Thus, the bazaar was open. Saddam wanted to end U.S. “dominance” of Unscm? Fine; the U.S. let it be known it was willing to let the Security Council discuss a different composition of the commission. Saddam wanted relief from sanctions? Right; the U.S. would consider expanding the humanitarian oil-for-food sales already authorized. The U.S. was said to be embarrassed before its Arab friends by Israeli “intransigence” in the peace process? Okay; Secretary of State Albright delivered a startlingly anti-Israel speech at the Doha economic forum—for which Saddam will get the credit in the Arab world.

If Saddam allows Unscm to return under these conditions, the Administration will declare victory—a victory all the sweeter because achieved without bloodshed. Alas, weakness begets no victories. Saddam gained precious weeks as Unscm was denied access, U-2 flights were postponed, and cameras were disabled. He may have made irrevocable advances in secret; Unscm may never recover that lost ground. His diplomatic gains are frosting on the cake. The erosion of the Gulf War coalition has been advertised—along with the hesitancy of a gun-shy U.S. Administration. Saddam will be far better off than when he started. He, not we, will be the victor.

The diplomacy may yet fail, and military action occur. All the better. But these events only add urgency to the fundamental requirement of U.S. policy: getting rid of Saddam and his regime. Paul Wolfowitz and

Zalmay Khalilzad put forward in the *Washington Post* the outline of a vigorous effort to do so—rebuilding the Iraqi democratic opposition into a government in exile, indicting Saddam as a war criminal. We should not shrink from encouraging—and this time assisting—rebellions against him. The need is all the greater because, as a result of the Clinton Administration's weakness, Saddam's programs for weapons of mass destruction will accelerate.

Off Track

FACING defeat by House Democrats, President Clinton was forced to pull his proposal for “fast track,” whereby Congress would agree to hold an up-or-down vote on trade agreements he negotiates. The proposal is almost certainly dead for this Congress, and probably for this Administration. The proximate causes of the defeat were the increasing financial and organizational dependence of Democrats on labor unions, their annoyance with Clinton's perceived betrayals on such issues as welfare reform, and the Administration's inept campaign for fast track. (Where were the mayors and governors, who overwhelmingly supported it?)

Despite these contingencies, protectionists can claim a significant victory. The post-Depression bi-partisan consensus for free trade is eroding on both sides of the aisle. GOP leaders deserve much of the blame. Through their studious avoidance of issues like racial preferences, multiculturalism, and mass immigration, elites who favor free trade have allowed the likes of Patrick Buchanan to define nationalism in an anti-capitalist way. In addition, their tactic of making trade deals with one country at a time has let protectionists harp on the flaws of each country (e.g., Mexico) rather than force them to make the argument for higher taxes on trade.

Free-traders would make a further mistake if they acquiesced in President Clinton's plans to assuage the Left by incorporating environmental and labor regulations into a new fast-track bill. The premise of such regulations—that freedom to trade depresses wages or causes environmental damage—has little empirical support. They would force poor countries to price themselves out of the market; and they are best understood as a means of adding restraints to trade in the guise of removing them.

Republican congressmen still largely support free trade, but some of them may draw the wrong lesson from fast track's defeat: viz., that protectionism is a powerful political issue that conservatives should adopt. Indeed, the notion that free trade is a political loser is one reason why neither party has properly recognized and proclaimed the success of NAFTA; doing so might have prevented the fast-track defeat. Adopting protectionism would subvert conservative ends by bolstering Big Government. And it is not even politically advantageous. Mr. Buchanan's presidential campaigns have demonstrated that protectionism

Is the Catholic Church Just a Warm Fuzzy?

We hear a lot these days about how the Church is polarized, about how we need to find common ground and live together in peace. Sounds nice. But peace at what price?

A revealing answer has come from a bishop writing in *America* magazine. He wants Catholics "just to get along," and to get along it's necessary to avoid mentioning sins such as abortion and homosexual activity. The bishop explains: "To preach against abortion involves facing women and men who regard this preaching as a condemnation of them as persons...." Fancy that! Would the good bishop shrink from preaching against, say, anti-Semitism because he'd be facing people who'd regard such preaching as a condemnation of *them*? Moreover, the bishop complains that Catholic teaching on homosexual activity "can cause a feeling of rejection...." By this logic, clerics should cease preaching against *any* sin, lest some sinner happen to feel "rejected."

The bishop says the Church must show "compassion" for people's "personal struggles," and then complains that the emphasis in much of the Pope's teaching is "not on personal struggle and compassion." The bishop also admits his approach is not Jesus' approach, for he acknowledges that, like the Pope, "Jesus was not exactly wishy-washy about what he expected...." But the bishop remains unmoved, for he doesn't want to be "uncompromising" or "out of touch." So, better to be wishy-

washy! Now, we're not in the habit of criticizing bishops, but when a bishop shies away from not only Catholic truth, but the Pope and Jesus in particular, we can't remain silent.

Furthermore, the bishop says nothing about the need for repentance, or repairing to the Confessional. Jesus said, "Unless you repent you will...perish." A cleric who won't call his people to repentance may be leaving them bound by their sins and bound for perdition. This isn't compassion, it's neglect, which, sadly, is widespread in the Church today.

If this is the price of peace, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly Catholic magazine, repudiate it. Moreover, it isn't peace, it's capitulation — to our decadent culture. It's the "peace in our time" that Chamberlain, winking at Hitler, brought back from Munich, but which paved the way for world war. It's a phony peace which is driving the Church to the brink of schism, for those who wink at sin in order to "just get along" won't be getting along with the Pope. And we bet they won't be getting along with *you*.

Yes, let's have peace, but *authentic* peace rooted in forthright affirmation of truth. If you stand with us, subscribe today! We've been acclaimed by Cardinal Law as "excellent," and we cover the full range of issues of concern to Catholics who don't regard the Church as a warm fuzzy.

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does not attract enough blue-collar workers to compensate for the pro-market conservatives it alienates.

Some conservatives now argue that free-traders should let the protectionist wind blow itself out. A far better course would be to aim higher, and mount an immediate push for transatlantic free trade. The groundwork has already been laid: talks on free trade between North America and Europe are under way. This would have the support of a wide range of lobbies not usually interested in trade policy, notably backers of NATO worried by Continental drift. Protectionists would find it harder to argue against trade with economies, wage levels, and systems of regulation similar to ours. Above all, it would be made clear that fast track's defeat does not signal a general rout of economic freedom at the hands of Pat Buchanan and the AFL-CIO's John Sweeney. Freedom to buy and sell as one wishes has been a populist issue in the past; it can be again. Free-trade conservatives—including free-trade nationalists—should not give up.

Off Line

THE information industry now contributes over one-third of the growth in America's real GDP. As Schumpeter predicted, periods of rapid innovation produce more output at lower prices, transforming every nook and cranny of the economy. Yet Justice Department antitrust lawyers believe they know better than the market. Hence the decision to hold Microsoft in contempt for allegedly violating a prior consent decree and to fine the software maker \$1 million a day.

The supposed offense is not monopolistic pricing practices aimed at the consumer; the cost of both personal computers and software has been falling for years. And no one denies that Microsoft's Windows 95 operating system and its Internet browser software are excellent products. Instead, the Justice Department is suing on behalf of the competition, Netscape Communications Corporation, which argues that Bill Gates and Company have unfairly bundled their browser with the Windows system. Yet savvy consumers can easily download the Netscape browser if they choose to, and Microsoft's bundling is no different from the integration of other software products such as graphical user interface, memory management, type fonts, or disk compression and networking by Apple, IBM, Sun, Novell, and others.

What is behind the Justice Department's action? Try a leftward regulatory lurch in Bill Clinton's second term, led by newly appointed radical trust-busters in the Justice Department, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Federal Communications Commission—simple people who believe that big is bad. That is why the Staples office supply company's effort to acquire Office Depot was stalled for months, and why the merger between AT&T and Southwest Bell was rejected out of hand.

But the biggest unregulated prize is still out there: the

Good Luck, Mata Hari

*Off darkest Baku, where the derricks divide
Like fecund amoebae, the Mrs. will side
With Yankees like Chevron attempting to drill
For Caspian oil—on assignment from Bill.
Her cover's the usual nattering nag
Who lectures the locals till vertebrae sag,
So hit it for Hillary (also, black gold),
And give her a leg-up back in from the cold.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



Internet. Any number of state and local governments are trying to impose various taxes on online sales businesses and Internet service providers, including property taxes on the physical possessions of Internet companies. These new taxes would add to the burden of multiple taxation, crush small start-up companies—and reduce competition. Hats off to Sen. Ron Wyden (D., Ore.) and Rep. Chris Cox (R., Calif.) for their Internet Tax Freedom Act, which would create a moratorium on new Internet taxes. The U.S. high-tech industry is the world's leader. A new wave of tax and regulatory burdens would make it crash.

Listering to Port

SARA E. Lister, Assistant Secretary of the Army for Manpower and Reserve Affairs, was forced to resign when the Marine Corps and its Capitol Hill allies returned fire after she attacked the Marines as "extremists." Clinton appointees like Mrs. Lister have been engaged in a campaign to feminize the armed forces, and her candid remarks reflect their frustration with a Marine Corps stubbornly resistant to their efforts. Even the Marines' uniforms—which flatter the male physique by emphasizing broad shoulders and narrow hips—are a sexist affront to feminists. The Marines still abide by the quaint notion that they must transform civilians into fighting units; they are the only service that still separates the sexes during basic training.

In a recent paper entitled, "Boot Camp or Summer Camp?" the Heritage Foundation details "the Clinton Administration's penchant for social experimentation [which] has unleashed a war against military standards and values." Because senior military officers are reluctant to admit the problems with gender-integrated basic training, the author calls for congressional action.

But the politicians who rallied round the Marine Corps stand idly by as the warrior culture in its sister services is tossed aside like an obsolete weapon. Mrs. Lister's boss,

What makes a bank... a bank?

Isn't it something to do with fractional reserve? Accepting deposits and making loans?

Not exactly. Anyone may borrow money from someone and lend some of it to someone else. If A loans 100 bucks to B, and B loans 80 bucks of it to C, and C loans 60 bucks of it to D – now there are 240 bucks worth of loans outstanding, backed by a fractional reserve of 100 bucks of base money.

B and C have engaged in financial intermediation; credit allocation and amplification. They accepted deposits and made loans. But they haven't committed banking.

If money lending isn't the *sine qua non* of banking, what is?

Here's a hint. In our example, after these various loans, who can spend how much?

A can spend nothing until B repays some money. B can spend 20 bucks, C, 20 bucks, and D, 60 bucks.

But what would you call it if B leads A to believe she can still spend her 100 bucks, as readily as if B was safeguarding it for that purpose?

The defining act of banking is to circulate more demand-claims to cash than there is cash to back the claims. Bankers apply fractional reserve practices to the payments system*.

So what's the problem? After all, hasn't this been going on for hundreds of years?

Yes, and the historic result has been a ratcheting debasement of the very substance of cash money: the gold which depositors entrusted to the safekeeping of bankers was taken and coercively replaced with government debt instruments.

Who cares? Almost everyone is conditioned to think of gold as barbarous relic or speculative commodity, unfit for service as a monetary medium in a modern integrated economy. Granted, multiple generations of creditors past may have been fleeced by broken promises, devaluations, and repudiation. But the process is now complete, and legal tender backed by perpetual debt comprises a stable paradigm, right?

If you are content that the 'figment standard' provides an adequate store of value for you and your family, confident that the bank-administered payments system is sufficiently robust to weather any and all market events, and convinced that politicians' promises are 'as good as gold' – be merry. Remain utterly dependent on the banking system and the kind of money they traffic in.

Alternatively — just in case the music eventually stops and a frenzied scramble for seats ensues — perhaps you should look into **e-gold™**

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*For further discussion of banking issues, please see www.e-gold.com/banking.htm

Army Secretary Togo West, has not criticized her remarks, and Defense Secretary William Cohen managed a weak rebuke of them as “inappropriate.” The esteem that Clinton’s Pentagon crew holds for Mrs. Lister was apparent in the reaction to her resignation by retired Brig. Gen. Evelyn “Pat” Foote, who was recalled to active duty to head up the Army’s panel on sexual harassment: “I think [Sara Lister] is one of the greatest soldiers the Army has ever had.” Mrs. Lister fades away; the feminist assault on the military continues.

Last in War, Last in Peace

GEORGE Washington Elementary School in New Orleans renamed itself after a black surgeon, following a local policy that schools not be named after slaveowners. Carl Galmon, a local activist, explained that “to African-Americans, George Washington has about as much meaning as David Duke.”

Mr. Galmon is not alone. Historians are pressuring the National Park Service to rewrite the explanatory material at historical sites. Some calls for change represent a quest for greater accuracy, but there is a high degree of Galmonism involved. Eric Foner, professor of history at Columbia, complained to the Park Service after a trip to Gettysburg. “My nine-year-old daughter said, ‘I feel so sorry for those Confederate soldiers.’ I said, ‘You should, because thousands of people died. But just remember, they were fighting to keep black people in slavery.’”

More context has to be supplied about American history nowadays because Americans are so much dumber. Many high-school students, let alone nine-year-olds, do not know what century the Civil War occurred in, much less the role that slavery played in it. But does context have to be supplied for every occasion? Prof. Foner is the son of a Communist, which probably explains some of his dudgeon at Gettysburg, though it would be irrelevant to a discussion of his scholarly work on Thomas Paine.

The past, no less than the present, was marked by conflict. George Washington fought a war in which many Americans opposed him, and many Britons supported him. The right context for America, past and present, is to understand people and events in relation to America’s culture, character, and ideals.

Washington’s relation to those phenomena was almost entirely positive, which is why we name schools after him. If David Duke had been the first President, all of us, including Mr. Galmon, would be worse off.

Isaiah Berlin, RIP

SIR Isaiah Berlin, Britain’s most distinguished intellectual, has died at age 88, loaded down with honors both political and academic. Born in Riga, he

came to England as a boy and for most of his academic life was at the center of power in Oxford as a fellow of All Souls College and later as president of Wolfson College. But his wider fame rested on three books which the general public found no less stimulating than his fellow academics did.

The first, published in 1953, was a study of Tolstoy that launched the idea, taken from an ancient Greek poetic fragment, that thinkers are either hedgehogs (who understand everything in terms of one grand idea) or foxes (who see the world through many ideas). This distinction was reasonably profound, and also a delicious parlor game. The second was an attack on the idea of historical inevitability—the idea that led Communists to imagine



The Week in Verse

The tide of geopolitics draws back
Six years, revealing once-washed-up *Iraq*
And that amazing castaway, *Saddam*,
Who from his arms’ titanic shipwreck swam
To ground from whence again he threatens war
With anthrax, plague, and gases by the score.
Shall we not see this murd’rer, liar, crook
By our brave fighting-persons brought to book?
(Sure it would take but one more solid push
To send his beret t’th’library of *Bush*.)
But as our warlike folk begin to rise
To strike him down, we find we’ve no allies!
In this new version of th’imperial game
(The rules are different, but the stakes the same),
The *Arab sheiks* are sitting on the bench
With kinder, gentler *Brits* and scheming *French*.
Ours now, the empire of the setting sun
Sustained by *Nimitz* and by *Washington*
(Not the commanders but a great flight deck
Perched on a floating mountain of high tech),
Marine “extremists,” a U-2 or three,
And a military-loathing *C-in-C*.

Whom late events in *Washington* proclaim
The recent *Mighty Duck* who’s turned up lame.
(His healing arts applied to poor *Fast Track*
But proved another way that he’s a quack.)
As *Democrats* revolt, the *GOP*
Sweeps this year’s poll and *Hatch* rejects *Bill Lee*.
Meanwhile, in *Arkansas*, in some old wreck,
Starr’s found, they say, the scandal’s smoking check;
Burton’s Committee’s starting to look scary;
Chung took the Fifth; and what’s become of *Carey*?
Babbitt’s chemise was lost at the casino
The *Indians* run—unless he’s saved by *Reno*,
Who, like *Judge Zobel*, guilt may do away
And make, for all, all—save *Saddam*—OK.

—JUVENAL

that they were riding an irresistible wave of history. The third and most famous—*Two Concepts of Liberty* (1959)—identified the liberal idea of freedom with the condition of being left alone (“negative” liberty), in contrast with the “positive” idea that we are free only when we are virtuous. Berlin thought the positive idea led to totalitarianism, because dictators such as Robespierre and Lenin always arrogated to themselves the power to judge what was virtue.

Accompanying these works was a stream of scholarly essays in which the ideas of less well-known figures in philosophy and literature were explicated. These works struck a popular chord without making concessions to popularity. They were also part of Berlin’s response to the Communist threat during the Cold War. He took from nineteenth-century Romanticism the view that ways of life were irreducibly plural, and that there were no absolute values which could be validly imposed on other people. At the same time, he denied being a relativist.

Berlin was a great traveler. He loved the United States (where he served in the British Embassy during the Second World War), and he enchanted academic audiences with an effervescent lecturing style in which the words tumbled over each other in a stammering stream which became an extraordinarily lucid account of some relatively unknown figure—Herzen or Belinsky, for example—who nonetheless turned out to have much to say to our condition. As did Isaiah Berlin.

—KENNETH MINOGUE

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Bill:

The time has come for me to move on from the editorship of NATIONAL REVIEW. The magazine is in excellent shape. Its circulation has reached record levels under my editorship, and it now stands 50 per cent higher than when I arrived at the magazine. This increase has been achieved, moreover, against a greatly improved commercial background. I am proud that these successes should have occurred not only on my watch but also at a time of much sharper competition among journals of opinion on the Right.

Above all, however, our readers tell us that they feel loyal to NATIONAL REVIEW in a way that few other magazines, if any, can boast. This is surely a propitious moment to follow the old vaudeville adage and “leave them wanting more.”

These very reasons, however, make me reluctant to depart entirely. So I am delighted to accept your suggestion that I join you on the masthead as editor-at-large. This would enable me to remain in regular contact with NATIONAL REVIEW readers (many of whom I have come to know as friends and correspondents) while devoting more time to my own writing inside and outside the magazine.

It will also allow me to be more active in the leadership of the New Atlantic Initiative and the International Conservative Congress, in both of which incidentally I am grateful for your unstinting support.

I want finally to thank you for giving me the opportunity to edit NATIONAL REVIEW for almost a decade. It has been both rewarding and great fun. I have enjoyed working with some of the most able and entertaining people in political and literary journalism. I have had the wonderful experience of discovering, encouraging, and publishing gifted new writers. I am proud that at a time of great ideological flux NATIONAL REVIEW has continued your tradition of shaping conservative opinion along realistic and principled lines. And I have made a host of friends, including you and Pat, to whom I hope I will continue to be close.

In short, as the poet wrote: “It was roses, roses all the way.”

Cordially,
John [O’Sullivan]

Dear John: The whole staff and, we like to think, the whole country will mourn the loss of so distinguished an editor, but we console ourselves that your contributions to the magazine will be full and ongoing. Gratefully, Bill

■ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

They make a lot of movies in Hong Kong and send many out to play to English-speaking audiences. This requires subtitles. Here is a small collection, passed along by a friend, of attempts by Hong Kong writers to translate into English what is spoken in Chinese in movies we must not fail to see.

—*I am damn unsatisfied to be killed in this way.*
—*Fatty, you with your thick face have hurt my instep.*
—*Same old rules: no eyes, no groin.* [Could that be the Chinese way of saying: Come out fighting?]
—*Damn, I’ll burn you into a BBQ chicken!*
—*Who gave you the nerve to get killed here?*
—*Quiet or I’ll blow your throat up.*
—*You always use violence. I shouldn’t ordered glutinous rice chicken.*
—*I’ll fire aimlessly if you don’t come out!*
—*Beat him out of recognizable shape!*
—*I got knife scars more than the number of your leg’s hair!*
—*Beware! Your bones are going to be disconnected.*
—*The bullets inside are very hot. Why do I feel so cold?*
—*How can you use my intestines as a gift?*
—*This will be of fine service for you, you bag of the scum. I am sure you will not mind that I remove your manhoods and leave them out on the dessert flour for your aunts to eat.*
—*Greetings, large black person. Let us not forget to form a team up together and go into the country to inflict the pain of our karate feet on some ass of the giant lizard person.*

—WFB

CAPITAL SCENE

Clinton's Inscrutable China Policy

ROBERT A. MANNING & JAMES PRZYSTUP



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.
EVEN for Bill Clinton, it was a remarkable turnaround. Indeed, Americans could be forgiven for scratching their heads and wondering how he moved from campaigning against the "Butchers of Peking" to proclaiming, at the recent Summit with Jiang Zemin, a "strategic partnership" with China (not a mere alliance, as with Japan). All this in a span of five years, with a brief stop for the confrontation over Peking's saber-rattling in the Taiwan Strait in March 1996.

Actually, the "strategic partnership" is less a shift in policy than a "debasement of language," as one senior official conceded privately. Unfortunately, Congress was not in on the joke. Just days after the Chinese president returned to Peking, a package of legislation that is

Mr. Manning, formerly a State Department advisor on Asia policy (1989-93), is a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations. Mr. Przystup, formerly a member of the policy-planning staffs of the State and Defense Departments (1986-94), is director of the Asian Studies Center at The Heritage Foundation.

very tough on his regime passed in the House of Representatives. Rather than narrowing the gap between the Executive Branch's managers of our China policy on the one hand and the public and its congressional representatives on the other, the Summit seemed only to bring it into sharper relief. While the Administration dreams of "strategic partnership," Congress is looking for Chinese concessions on several issues and is increasingly concerned about Chinese threats. Think: One Country, Two Policies.

For good measure, Taiwan's President Lee Teng-hui, feeling slighted, seemed to spurn Peking's overtures, telling the *Washington Post* (November 8) that Taiwan was already a sovereign state. This suggests the possibility of serious conflict between the newfound "strategic partners." It also points up the anomaly of such a warm relationship with an emerging authoritarian power whose interests are less than fully harmonious with our own.

Since President Clinton delinked Most Favored Nation status from human rights in 1994, his Administration has consistently oversimplified China policy, reducing it to simple black-and-white choices. Seeking to rationalize their own flip-flop and soar beyond the stigma of Tiananmen Square, the Clintonites posed a choice between "engagement" and "containment." But this was a false choice framed in Cold War terms, and China is not the Soviet Union—although advocates both of engagement and of containment sometimes seem to think it is.

And that was not the only false choice. In a speech last June, National Security Advisor Sandy Berger suggested that China would move either toward "inward-looking nationalism" or toward "outward-looking integration." In fact, China will almost certainly continue to do both, integrating itself into

the global system *and* being stubbornly nationalistic. Deng Xiaoping harnessed China's future to the global economy as long ago as 1978. The issue today is the *terms* of integration. Like any great power, China will seek to bend the rules to serve its interests.

It is those interests which have to be examined and addressed. China is a society in the process of unprecedented economic and social transformation. The recent Fifteenth Party Congress reaffirmed this, committing the country to a thoroughgoing economic reform, notably a "survival of the fittest" privatization of state-owned industries and the spread of a rule of law that would underpin the reform process. (The U.S. Congress also hinted at a goal of expanding China's experiment with local grass-roots democracy.) So the policy challenge is to come to terms with a dynamic China which is neither friend nor foe but an emerging great power, whose interests sometimes overlap and sometimes conflict with ours.

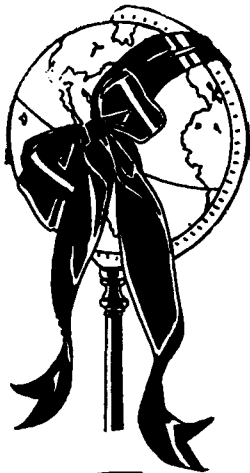
This means that China is capable of being cooperative and assertive simultaneously. It may cooperate on Cambodia and Korea but, at the same time, work to weaken the U.S.-Japan alliance, threaten Taiwan, or arm Iran. It all depends on the circumstances.

Neither engagement nor containment as such will tell the U.S. what to do in each of these cases. Engagement is a tac-

*The Administration
has oversimplified
China policy,
reducing it to simple
black-and-white choices.*

tic, not a policy. (It was formerly known as diplomacy.) Of course we have to deal with 22 per cent of the human race, one of the world's largest economies, and a regime with nuclear weapons and a veto in the UN Security Council. The real issue is not engagement, but what it is supposed to achieve. That was always murky in theory, and in practice the U.S. Congress was growing increasingly restive over a policy that appeared to deliver little but the promise of more meetings, which the Administration would then cite as evidence of the policy's success.

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Containment is hardly less flawed. During the Cold War the Soviet Union was an ideological and expansionist military threat to the United States and to other democracies around the globe. The USSR was also an autarky, closed to external trade and investment. Neither of these statements is true of today's China, which, among other things, is the world's third largest economy, open to foreign trade and investment, and betting its future on being part of the global economy.

Containing China would also impose heavy political costs, notably a massive military build-up and a return to a Cold War posture at home. And how many of our Asian allies and friends are willing to sign up for a confrontation with China today? As the Taiwan Strait crisis suggested, not many. Fearing that actions taken by the United States could force them to make difficult choices, U.S. allies in the region have cautioned Washington against prematurely judging China to be an adversary.

SUCH chilly calculation has become harder to maintain given China's conduct since Tiananmen Square—from political repression, forced abortion, and religious persecution to a burgeoning trade deficit and the sales of weapons of mass destruction. Complicating the picture further is the fact that, within both the Republican and the Democratic Parties here in the U.S., China has become a polarizing, emotionally charged issue. This was highlighted by the emergence of a Left-Right anti-MFN coalition that included labor unions, social conservatives, trade protectionists, and those who have decided that China's emergence as a great power *necessarily* makes it a threat to the United States.

What, then, is to be done? Dealing with China requires the President to educate the American public, explaining why there is no silver bullet to transform China and how to accept diplomatic results that are only half satisfactory. Simply saying that we seek cooperation begs the question: What happens when China does not reciprocate? This has been the missing piece of the Administration's policy—one at which Congress is now directing its legislative jigsaw.

The Clintonites are seeking positive areas of cooperation to compensate for the laundry list of matters of controversy from human rights to arms sales. But

by hyping modest agreements, the Administration undermines the small but real steps toward accommodation. At the Washington Summit, the Clinton team did find areas of mutual interest: agreements to open an office of the Drug Enforcement Administration in Peking, to expand military-to-military contacts, and to open a Washington-Peking hotline, and China's decision to join the International Telecommunications Agreement.

But the centerpiece of the Summit was President Clinton's decision to allow implementation of the 1985 U.S.-China Nuclear Cooperation Accord by certifying China as compliant with U.S. non-proliferation laws. This was based on a commitment from Peking to end nuclear cooperation at unsafeguarded facilities in Pakistan and to end *all* nuclear cooperation with Iran. (Though not required under this law, the Administration also pressed China to halt deliveries of destabilizing C-802 missiles to Iran. Without success.)

But the assurances China provided to the Clinton Administration have not been made public. And perhaps for good reason. According to well-placed U.S. sources, China was either unable or unwilling to provide adequate assurances with regard to its missile sales to Iran, and recent reports suggest deliveries are continuing. It is also unclear whether Peking will completely halt nuclear cooperation with Iran, or merely pledge not to help Iran directly obtain nuclear weapons. There are reports that China has provided Teheran with the blueprints for a hexafluoride plant whose only purpose is to produce weapons-grade material.

Moreover, by setting these dubious achievements in the context of a "strategic partnership," the Administration raises fears of appeasement or, in the

case of the nuclear agreement, a "China exception" driven by private-sector interests.

At the same time, Clinton's lectures about American values did not compensate for a noticeable absence of substantial progress on human rights. This lack of progress is no surprise; we should not expect China to join the ACLU. But the role of the President is to move beyond episodic engagement at Summits in order to educate the American public that there are limits to the intimacy of U.S.-China relations.

This is precisely why the notion of strategic partnership is misleading and could prove dangerous. Cooperation on the ozone layer is one thing—but there is nothing strategic about it. A strategic relationship with China must start with an understanding about nuclear weapons, the future of the Korean peninsula after reunification, the U.S. military posture in East Asia, and our vital interests in the Persian Gulf. We have not yet ascended to that level of cooperation, but instead are camped in the foothills of drugs and telecommunications policy.

And in return for these modest gains, the notion of a U.S.-China strategic partnership has caused our allies in Tokyo to wonder if they are not facing a second "Nixon Shock." For if there is any strategic relationship in Asia, it is the U.S.-Japan alliance. More ironic still, when President Jiang arrived in Moscow only weeks after his trip to Washington, his purpose was to solidify ties to Moscow, and to forge a "strategic partnership" to counter single superpower domination. Rather than spin-doctoring superlatives, a stable relationship in which both sides' interests are protected is what we should aim for with China. Claiming to have achieved more than that risks getting less. □

Cuts of Pork

STEPHEN MOORE

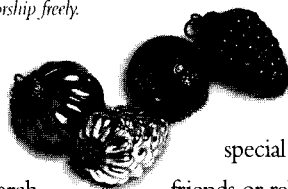
T WASHINGTON, D.C. THROUGHOUT last year's debate over the line-item veto, I was frequently asked by reporters whether Bill Clinton would use it to terminate Republican pork-barrel projects. I always unhesitatingly responded: I certainly hope so.

Once in a blue moon in American politics a new law works almost precisely as intended. Such has been the case—at least so far—with the line-item veto. This year President Clinton has used his

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

Few things give a parent greater joy than seeing the lights of Christmas reflected in a child's wide eyes. In modern China, such reflections are sharply limited by a government that denies its people the freedom to openly celebrate the birth of Christ. This Christmas, you and your family can send a special message of hope and remembrance to our fellow Christians in China. The Family Research Council has commissioned this 6" limited edition hand-crafted brass ornament. By making this ornament part of your celebration, you

Many decorations Americans buy to celebrate the Christmas season are made in China, many by slave laborers imprisoned for living out their Christian beliefs, in a nation whose people are denied their right to worship freely.



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new budget-cutting tool to execute scores of white-elephant congressional spending projects, saving taxpayers an

*Congress, it turns
out, likes the
line-item veto
far better in theory
than in practice.*

estimated \$2 billion over five years. Virtually none of these projects were in the national interest.

Ironically, it is this early success of the line-item veto that may prove its undoing. Congress, it turns out, likes the line-item veto far better in theory than in practice. Sen. Trent Lott concedes that there are fewer Republican supporters of the line-item veto today than there were this time last year. Senate Appropriations Committee Chairman Ted Stevens complains that Clinton's line-item vetoes have been a "raw abuse of power." Stevens is threatening to push for the veto's repeal. Robert Livingston, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, charges that President Clinton is using the veto as "a raw exercise of power meant to threaten and intimidate."

What is giving congressional Republicans heartburn is that the veto is being used by a Democratic President to trim hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of lard from the budget, and some of it is Republican lard. So far, Clinton has used the veto to eliminate funding for a \$600,000 solar waste-water treatment project in Vermont; a \$2-million Chena River dredging project in Fairbanks, Alaska, to benefit a single tour-boat operator; a \$1-million corporate-welfare grant to the Chamber of Commerce in Carter County, Montana; \$900,000 for a Veterans Administration cemetery the VA says it doesn't need; \$1.9 million for dredging a Mississippi lake that primarily serves yachts and pleasure boats. It is precisely oinkers like these that enraged the public and led to enactment of the line-item veto in the first place.

In fact, the only legitimate complaint about Bill Clinton's use of this veto is that he has done it too sparingly. This year's Energy and Water bill alone contains 423 unrequested projects—conveniently, just about one for every district.

Clinton canceled just 8 of them; most of the other 415 deserved the same fate. If, as President Clinton has suggested, the criteria for wielding this veto power are that the program in question is one that should be funded at the local level if at all, or that it has costs that exceed public benefits, then the savings could be orders of magnitude higher than the \$2 billion achieved so far.

In fact, that much could probably be saved by carving spending earmarked for just one lightly populated state: Alaska. Alaska's Ted Stevens has been busy using his exalted status as Appropriations Committee chairman to convert Fairbanks into the pork capital of America. *Congressional Quarterly* reports that Stevens is fast gaining a reputation as a bigger pork-barrel spender than his famed predecessor, Sen. Robert Byrd of West Virginia. Into this year's



Roman Germ

Military Construction bill Stevens inserted \$1.4 million for a skating rink and \$300,000 for a car wash in Fort Wainwright; \$650,000 for an Arctic Germplasm Repository; and \$1 million to market Alaskan salmon. Apparently the GOP's theme of making government smaller and smarter applies only to the contiguous 48 states. On Capitol Hill, members are calling Stevens's chase for tax dollars the second Alaskan gold rush.

In some ways it's not fair to pick on Sen. Stevens. House Budget Committee Chairman John Kasich recently confessed that "the gig is up around here when it comes to actually cutting programs and saving money." No kidding. Throughout this past summer and fall Congress has been engaged in a pork-barrel free-for-all. Here are some depressing examples:

—The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the Environmental Protection Agency will receive \$3.2 billion for construction of water and sewer projects, \$200 million of it earmarked to key congressional districts—even though the GOP has argued since the early Reagan years that the wastewater-treatment program should be halted entirely and that polluters, not taxpayers, should pay for sewage clean-up.

—The housing bill has \$100 million in targeted "economic development" projects—many going to affluent suburbs.

—Hospital construction for veterans will be double the Clinton Administration's request even though Republicans used to argue correctly that there is no need for new hospitals.

—No blade of grass in America is safe from the cement trucks while Rep. Bud Shuster is head of the Transportation Committee. Shuster's highway bill is the most expensive public-works legislation in American history—and it is crammed with several hundred targeted "demonstration" projects. Earlier this year the Committee was expanded to more than sixty members—the largest committee ever—to accommodate the endless demands by congressmen to get bicycle paths and parking garages built in their districts.

And many of those congressmen are Republicans. This, of course, is precisely the sort of irresponsible fiscal behavior that got Democrats run out of town three years ago. It is a sad state of affairs for fiscal conservatives when the only line of defense against white-elephant spending is Bill Clinton's pen.

Congressional Republicans and Democrats alike are now secretly rooting for the Supreme Court to rule the line-item veto unconstitutional. Because of technical problems with the law, it may well be overturned. If the Courts don't act, Congress may kill what it now views as a Frankenstein monster. All that is preventing its immediate repeal is that congressional leaders know that they would expose themselves as frauds and hypocrites.

On its merits, the line-item veto should be preserved. The critics were wrong: the line-item veto does save money; it does short-circuit preposterous spending projects that offend the sensibilities of taxpayers.

And that is why almost all of Washington is in such a hurry to get rid of it. □

GEKKO

MARION Barry, the mayor of Washington, D.C., has put up \$100,000 of his taxpayers' money so the city can compete to host the next summer Olympics. Apparently he hopes to enter himself in the crack and field events.

■ This promises to be a most educational month or two in the international markets. What has gone on so far in Asia promises to be just a runup to the main events. Let's take South Korea, whose economy is bigger than those of Indonesia, Thailand, and Malaysia put together.

The more conspiratorially minded followers of international finance tend to believe that there is some person or group with superhuman intelligence and power who will be able to orchestrate a bailout of the system—at the expense, of course, of the small producer, investor, voter, taxpayer, etc. My own experience is that the world is ruled more by collective incompetence than by conspiracy. I think we are about to see my hypothesis proved right.

South Korea has a minimum of \$60 billion of foreign-currency debt due in less than one year. It may have foreign-exchange reserves of as much as \$30 billion (the optimistic estimate) or less than \$15 billion.

South Korea needs a minimum of around \$20 billion just to have the working capital to conduct normal trade. Korean companies and banks—which have been run according to the sort of centrally planned capitalism that was so fashionable a few years ago—had been borrowing dollars and yen on the assumption that they would be able to pay back the loans by converting Korean won at relatively stable exchange rates.

Well, the won has been collapsing—it's down by more than 16 per cent since the beginning of the year—and those debts cannot be rolled over on normal commercial terms. That means the Koreans have to get approximately \$60 billion lined up over the next

month or so. Where will the money come from?

The first reaction of semi-knowledgeable people is that the International Monetary Fund will come in and "bail them out." But the IMF's usable assets have been draining rather rapidly in the last few months. It has used over \$40 billion in propping up the Southeast Asian countries' central banks. That leaves at most a little over \$60 billion left to take care of any other crises, including Korea's. So as one monetary economist told us, "Yes, they could take care of Korea, but then there would be nothing left for a Russia or any other problem country."

Of course, the IMF does have 103 million ounces of gold apart from those currency reserves, and the thought is that it could raise additional money by lending out the gold. But Jeff Christian of CPM Group, who are precious-metals market analysts, points out: "You would need a change in the IMF's charter to lend gold. The Board of Governors could sell some, but it is very unlikely that they would sell more than 5 million to 10 million ounces. That's only about \$1.5 billion to \$3 billion." Not enough.

Now, of course, the Board of Governors and the Clinton Administration realized that the Fund would need more money, so they tried to get the authority from Congress to hand some over under what is called the NAB, or New Arrangement to Borrow. But all those appropriations got caught up in a pro-life (some con-



"Mind if I put in my 51 per cent's worth?"

gressmen) vs. pro-choice (the Administration) fight over whether foreign-aid funds could go to family-planning organizations that sponsored abortions. Neither side gave way before the congressional recess; so no money for the IMF.

So for want of a nail the battle might be lost. I can understand the point of principle on which Mr. Clinton stood with regard to choice. If feminists had the file on me that they have on Clinton, I might well make the same moral decision. Who knows? Congress will probably put up the money, but not until it comes back in late January, and probably not until mid February. In the meantime, the Korean crisis will have hit.

Then of course there is everybody's favorite lender of last resort—the Japanese. A few months ago they were all fired up to start an Asian Monetary Fund under their control that would take power away from the resented gaijin. But remember that it's the engineers who are smart in Japan—not the financiers. Once they figured out that they might need to use their foreign-exchange reserves as part of the bailout of their own system, and that an AMF could easily turn into yet another black hole, they sucked in their breath and backedpedaled. And Robert Rubin, our own Secretary of the Treasury, has, up to now, taken the position that we're not going to write a Mexico-sized check for the Koreans.

Maybe the Koreans can be saved by a surge in exports and a fall in imports caused by devaluation. But will that happen fast enough? Can private or semi-private institutions like the banks refinance in time?

In these circumstances, I think a little more caution is called for than seems to be discounted in the U.S. equities market. For that matter, T-bonds are what the Asians have a whole lot of if they need to raise some fast money. So I would not be sure the bond was a "safe haven." I think it's unlikely that gold will be sold aggressively to raise money, although we'll probably have to wait a little longer for its hour to come. I would go to more cash and shorten up. Opportunity costs are a lot more acceptable than losses in this environment.

■ Grant Noble, out in Lake Forest, Ill., who does a lot of interesting technical analysis, tells me he likes both beans and corn, but thinks beans look better the further out you go. I'm going to look at the agricultural markets in my next column. —JOHN DIZARD

Hillary Goes Solo

*In London, she chatted with Tony,
Then tooled around, savoring slums.
In Dublin, she stuck up for toddlers;
In Ulster, she touted their mums.
In Georgetown, the poop is she's primping
For life after pomp and parades.
In Gotham, where old money molders,
They're waiting to pull up the shades.*

—W. H. VON DREELE



"We just play 'em one note at a time, Pat, and we're not looking past Mozart next week."



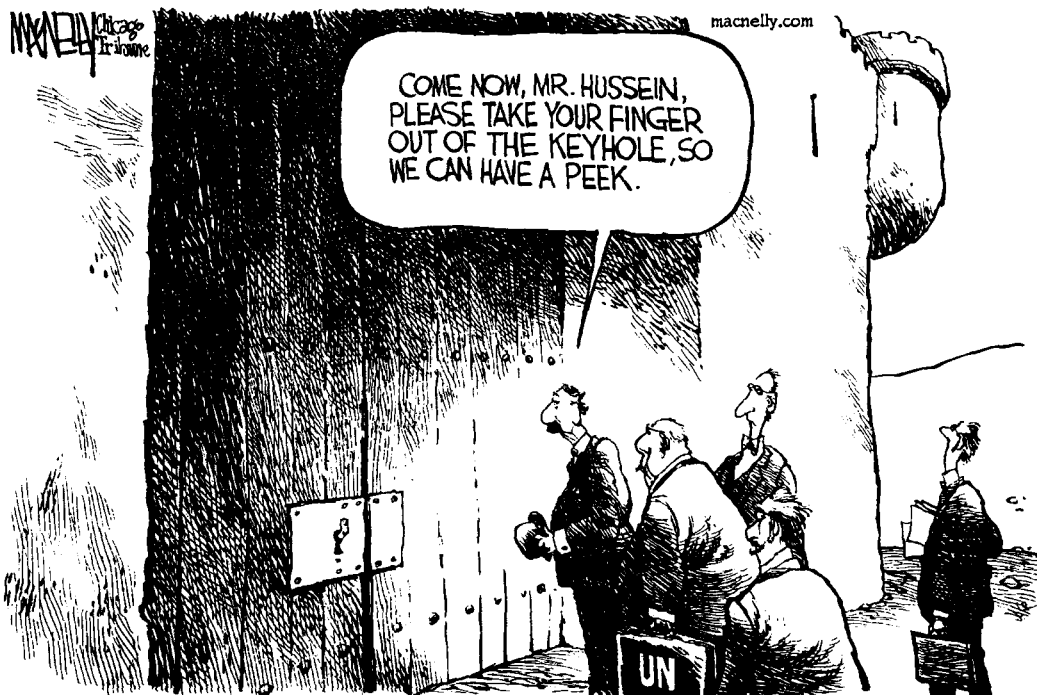
"At the clap of thunder, please leave your message."



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"Picked up some things to wear when I do my Christmas shopping."



...WHY AM I SUIN' EVERY-
BODY INVOLVED IN
CAMPAIGN '96?..
SIMPLE.....LISTEN UP..



...THE REPUBLICANS TREAT SOFT
MONEY LIKE BEEF JERKY TREATS
A PENCIL SHARPENER... YOU CAN
BOIL A HOT DOG IN BEER ALL DAY,
BUT THAT WON'T MAKE IT A
T-BONE...



...THE DEMOCRATS CAN PEEL
BANANAS WITH THEIR FEET, BUT
THAT DON'T TURN A WET CAT
INTO A HUNTIN' DAWG...



...AND THOSE FEDERAL
ELECTION BOZOS MIGHT BE
WEARIN' BURLAP UNDERPANTS,
BUT YOU STILL CAN'T PUSH A
LOADED SHOPPIN' CART
DOWN THE EXPRESS AISLE...



Globalist Heart-Warming

*Efforts in Kyoto to reduce worldwide CO₂ emissions
are both unnecessary and futile—
but that does not mean they will have no effect.*

JEREMY RABKIN

AS world leaders prepare for their impending summit in Kyoto, Japan, where they are supposed to decide what to do about global warming, there seems to be a distinct cooling in the political atmosphere. Western European leaders still insist that dramatic steps are needed to curb the emission of carbon dioxide, supposedly responsible for an ominous warming trend in the global climate. President Clinton has insisted, however, that he will not even consider new fuel taxes in the United States, and he has urged less ambitious targets for reduction in CO₂ and other "greenhouse gases." Few other countries are rallying to the ambitious vision of the European Union; in fact, most countries are refusing to commit themselves to doing anything in the near term.

One reason for the political chill is that the scientific evidence for the global-warming scare has come to look more and more tenuous. Even the UN's own scientific advisory panel—which has a distinct incentive to exaggerate the threat—has acknowledged grounds for doubting whether human activity is responsible for the warming trend of the past century. It has substantially lowered its own earlier estimates of the rate of change, while at the same time extending far into the next century its earlier projections for serious environmental consequences.

Another concern, of course, is the cost of undertaking anything so ambitious as the European proposal, which seeks cutbacks in carbon-dioxide emissions to 15 per cent below 1990 levels. Countries, like the United States, that have experienced substantial growth in energy consumption since 1990 could meet that target only by still more substantial cuts in energy use. President Clinton has promised that we can adapt new technologies to cut back our energy use without reducing our overall economic growth. But his refusal to propose new fuel taxes—the most direct

means of enforcing energy-saving measures in the private sector—suggests that he is not at all confident about his own promise.

There remains another obstacle, however, most concisely stated in advocacy ads appearing on CNN: "It's not global and it won't work." The countries that will soon be the largest emitters of greenhouse gases—emerging industrial giants like China, India, Indonesia, and Brazil—have made it quite clear that they will not accept any substantial restrictions in their own accelerating rates of energy consumption. Without their cooperation, any effort to reduce overall global emissions must be futile.

This impasse has been quite clear ever since the UN's "Earth Summit" in Rio de Janeiro in 1992. Populations in "less-developed countries"—what we used to call the Third World—live in such wretched conditions that they are determined on economic growth at almost any cost. They have certainly accepted catastrophic air pollution and water contamination in their own burgeoning cities. Dealing with remote, hypothetical climate change at the end of the next century is not a high priority for them. The Rio conference accordingly resolved that only a select list of developed countries should be responsible for initial efforts at emission reductions. The Kyoto conference may seek

some token gesture from other countries, but not much more can be expected in the foreseeable future.

Yet the least likely outcome of the discussions at Kyoto is that world leaders will acknowledge the futility of the Rio/Kyoto undertaking and simply resolve to keep a watchful eye on climate developments in the coming decade. Partly that is a matter of saving face. After years of overheated rhetoric and ballyhooed summits, it would be awkward to admit that the whole thing seems to have been a false alarm. Partly it is a matter of hard-eyed calculation: some countries (most notably Britain and Germany) have already reduced their greenhouse-gas emissions, for reasons having nothing to do with global warming (in their cases,



Mr. Rabkin is a professor of Government at Cornell University.

switching from coal to cleaner fuels), and they see economic advantage in a treaty regime that would impose new costs on trade rivals.

But there is also something else at work in the dynamic. When one stops to think about it, the charge that it's not global and it won't work hasn't stopped any previous international undertaking.

"There is nothing absurd or impracticable in the idea of a league or alliance between independent nations for certain defined purposes," Alexander Hamilton noted in *The Federalist* (No. 15). But in the history of Europe, he continued, "all the resources of negotiations were exhausted" again and again on ambitious treaty systems which, in practice, "were scarcely formed before they were broken, giving an instructive but afflicting lesson to mankind how little dependence is to be placed on treaties which have no other sanction than the obligations of good faith and which oppose general considerations of peace and justice to the impulse of any immediate interest or passion."

Do we now live in so different a world that Hamilton's strictures no longer apply? International trade agreements have certainly operated effectively over a span of decades. The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade began fifty years ago with only 22 participating countries. Communist and Third World countries long refused to have anything to do with it. Yet the advantages of trade liberalization did not require universal participation or anything like it. Lowering trade barriers between the United States and Western Europe was of demonstrable and immediate benefit to those nations involved. If others chose not to share in the benefits of expanded trade, that did not prevent the willing parties from reaping benefits.

But a climate-control system works in just the opposite

way: the world cannot reduce overall emissions without the participation of developing countries, which will account for more than half of all emissions by early in the next century. Whatever benefit there may be in cutbacks by some nations, moreover, these benefits cannot be reserved to the

Whatever benefits there may be in cut-backs by some nations, there are strong incentives to take a free ride on the efforts of others.

contributing nations: there are strong incentives, then, to take a free ride on the efforts of others. So, unlike the GATT, an effective system of emission controls would need the capacity to cajole or coerce recalcitrant countries. Almost certainly this would mean a system that could both offer inducements for cooperation and threaten penalties for non-cooperation. It would have to be a system capable of redistributing resources on a very substantial scale.

Here the difference between Rio/Kyoto and trade agreements is even more striking. The GATT system has never depended on "obligations of good faith" or on "general considerations of peace and justice" to restrain the "immediate interest or passion" of the participating nations. It has rested on the principle of reciprocity—hence on ready means of self-enforcement. The World Trade Organization, with all its elaborate machinery for arbitrating trade disputes, operates in fundamentally the same way.

States that participate in the WTO (as in previous rounds of the GATT) bind themselves to adhere to certain trading norms. If they do not, they risk particularized sanctions

The CO₂ Problem

IN THE run-up to the Kyoto conference, it seems to have escaped nearly everyone's attention just how quantitatively overwhelming will be the CO₂ emitted by the non-participating countries, and just how futile will be the industrialized nations' efforts to cut back on CO₂. To understand this, it is necessary to review the fundamentals of electricity use throughout the world—electricity production through the burning of fossil fuels being a primary cause of CO₂ emission.

In the United States, the average person uses almost 31 kilowatt-hours (kWh) per day, or 1.3 kilowatts (kW) continuously. About 70 per cent of that electricity is produced by burning fossil

fuels. In certain other fully modern countries (England, France, Germany, Japan), the per-capita average ranges from 0.6 to 0.8 kW. At the other end of the scale, in developing countries where, even if some cities are electrified, rural areas are generally without power, the number is much lower: Mexico uses 0.14 kW, Thailand 0.10, and Peru 0.05. India is way down, at 0.037. China is around 0.07.

If the United States were to curtail its electricity use, there would surely be some reduction in the CO₂ emitted from generators that burn fossil fuel. But how much? If the United States were to eliminate *all* electricity use, the decrease in power consumption is easy to calculate: 266 million people $\times$ 1.3 kW/person = 346 Gigawatts (GW).

Meanwhile, over about forty years of

construction, China hopes to come up to parity with most of the currently industrialized nations, which implies power use of 0.6 kW per person. A typical major coal-burner generates about one Gigawatt. To calculate how many of these China will need, take 1.2 billion people $\times$ 600 Watts/person = 720 GW.

Since only about 162 GW of capacity is currently in place, China will need to build more than five hundred new major coal-burning power plants over the next forty years. A lot of CO₂ is going to enter the atmosphere from those generators. And in India, Mexico, and many other countries it's the same story.

How much can the United States curtail its own power use, realistically? Ten per cent? Twenty per cent? Even if the entire industrialized world completely shut down, it still wouldn't be enough to offset the new CO₂ coming from China. There is simply going to be more CO₂ in the years ahead. Period.

—THOMAS P. SHEAHEN

Mr. Sheahen is a physicist in Maryland and President of Western Technology, Inc.

from trade partners that have been injured by their infractions. Other countries can generally leave the dispute to the principals and expect that they will work out their differences on their own. And disputing nations usually do work out their differences rather than face an escalating series of tit-for-tat retaliations, culminating in a localized trade war. The principal disputants sometimes work out an agreement which is not entirely consistent with the official international norms. But that too is acceptable to the international community if it is acceptable to the immediate disputants—because satisfying the immediate disputants has been the main aim of the trading system.

With the climate-control system, by contrast, deviations could not be left to the immediate disputants to work out. Nor could the system leave it to the immediate victims to challenge any particular country's infractions of the system norms. Such self-enforcement by victims would not be sufficient for a genuine climate-control system because, in fact, there are no immediate victims. Whatever harm may be inflicted by excessive emission of greenhouse gases is remote and indirect.

For example, how would environmentally conscious countries retaliate against, say, Indonesia or China for disregarding emission limits on greenhouse gases? Presumably, the environmentally conscious nations would not threaten to disregard their own emission limits. Would

they try to impose trade sanctions? What if other nations refused to participate? A country targeted by such sanctions, after all, cannot simply adjust its emissions policy to the degree to which it affects particular complaining countries: it must regear its entire economy to limit emissions. So the sanctions—or inducements to cooperate—would have to be organized on a scale that far exceeds anything undertaken under existing trade agreements.

There remains yet another difference. To make emission controls effective, the system would have to regulate not just official governmental action—the target of existing trade agreements—but the actions of hundreds of millions of participants in each of the world's national economies. Whereas a trading system must monitor the disputed official actions of governments against particular foreign companies, a climate-control system would have to monitor the failure of governments to control a vast range of activities within their own countries.

Here again threats and penalties would have to be combined with quite substantial international assistance. Without such assistance, many developing countries would simply lack the technical capacity to make good on whatever control commitments they might make. So we would need monitoring and technical assistance on a scale that would dwarf any existing international undertaking.

None of this is remotely in prospect. A world capable of

What Rubbish?

ACCORDING to the Environmental Protection Agency, the United States generates roughly 1,560 pounds of municipal solid waste per person per year. Composition studies of municipal solid waste reveal that it consists of between 34 and 59 per cent degradable carbon. Therefore, America's population of about 269.6 million will have produced in 1997 about 210.3 million short tons of solid waste containing between 71.5 and 124 million tons of degradable carbon.

Other countries have waste-generation rates similar to the United States'. Assuming a world population of 5.8 billion, this implies about 4.5 billion tons of waste containing between 1.5 and 2.7 billion tons of carbon annually. In other words, appropriately constructed landfills could capture roughly 2 billion tons of carbon annually, thus stopping global warming cold.

For many years, biodegradability was considered a good thing—garbage would

be reduced to rich dark humus, and landfills would not overrun the earth. But in the process of turning garbage into soil, decomposition returns most of the carbon to the atmosphere as methane and carbon dioxide—greenhouse gases.

As it happens, though, numerous studies have found that buried garbage is by and large not decomposing. Except for certain components of food and yard debris, which degrade by 25 to 50 per cent over a 10-to-15-year period, the majority of the garbage retains its original weight, volume, and form. Furthermore, recent American regulations governing landfill design tend to ensure preservation of the contents by imposing waterproofing and leachate-removal requirements designed to protect groundwater from contamination. Hence the possibility of sequestering carbon becomes quite realistic.

Space is not a significant constraint; the problem of siting landfills is really a political problem. At current rates of waste generation, a landfill 44 miles square and 120 feet deep could store all

of America's garbage for the next thousand years.

Realizing that preservation of garbage is a nobler goal than decomposition points toward new strategies of landfill location and design. It may prove advantageous to pile waste to greater heights. Conceivably, forming trash heaps according to the design of ancient pyramids could improve the aesthetics of such a war against warming. Desert wastelands and permanently frozen places the world over might be perfect for stashing trash. Indeed, with certain modifications to existing international laws, most of the world's garbage could be barged to Antarctica. Garbage might even help insulate the polar icecap if serious global warming occurred despite these efforts, thus protecting us from rising seas.

That citizen-of-the-world spirit that keeps Americans raking recyclables out of their garbage needs to be redirected toward putting more things *into* the garbage. Citizens could help by putting garbage in watertight bags after taking steps to minimize moisture content. There is much potential for joy in the thought that, in cleaning out the attic, we are not only making our house more livable but also fighting global warming.

—CRAIG S. MARXSEN

Mr. Marxsen is an associate professor of economics at the University of Nebraska.

organizing and enforcing controls on this scale would be a very different world from the one we now inhabit. It would be a world—well, rather like the fantasy world that the UN likes to imagine for itself.

In the UN version of the world, countries can sign agreements to undertake great causes—and achieve them by

Activists on the left have been developing an alternative or parallel world which deploys the moral prestige of 'the world' but binds only those who want to feel bound.

agreeing to achieve them. The United Nations was founded in 1945 with a Charter that limited its membership to “peace-loving states” and pledged the member states to “refrain . . . from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or political independence of any state.” Having thus saved the captive nations of Eastern Europe from external domination, the UN proceeded to draw up an elaborate series of human-rights guarantees. The first of these was a Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide. Fortunately, Cambodia, China, and Yugoslavia signed this Convention, thus preventing any problem with mass killings in these countries.

More recently, the UN sponsored an ambitious Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women. Fortunately, it was signed by Egypt and Libya and a host of countries in sub-Saharan Africa, and so women in these countries now enjoy full “participation in public life” and full equality in employment and in family arrangements.

It is a mistake, however, simply to regard the international conventions as a hollow joke. The pretense of international standards does have some practical effect. The effect is to strengthen those people in Western countries who want to do what international agreements can be *interpreted* to mandate. In 1994, for example, the UN’s Human Rights Committee ruled that Tasmania, a state in the Australian federation, had violated the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights by maintaining a traditional anti-sodomy law in its criminal code. The federal government of Australia had already initiated a series of gay-rights measures at the federal level. In response to the UN censure, it hastened to enact a new federal statute overruling the Tasmanian law.

Now, the gay-rights implications of the Covenant do not exactly leap out of the text, which was drafted in the 1950s and early ’60s, long before gay rights had become a fashionable cause. And the ruling in the Australian case seems to have had no effect elsewhere: among the countries with representatives on the Human Rights Committee were several known to be persecuting homosexuals with particular brutality. These countries have seen no need to change their practices because of what their representatives voted to impose on Australia.

Meanwhile, in the last three years, of the five countries most often hauled before the Human Rights Committee to account for their violations, three of them are developed

countries (the Netherlands, Canada, and France), which apparently pose greater human-rights problems than, for example, most of sub-Saharan Africa, which received almost no attention from the Committee.

Something similar occurs in environmental agreements. Last year, the United States was reproached by the World Heritage Committee, a UNESCO-sponsored body that monitors compliance with the World Heritage Convention, a sort of international landmarks-preservation system. UN observers criticized U.S. stewardship of Yellowstone National Park for, among other things, allowing a mining company to consider restarting an existing mine several miles outside the boundaries of the park. The U.S. Department of the Interior had indicated quite plainly to the World Heritage Committee that it would welcome a designation of the park as “in danger” from such developments. With such international censure in the background, President Clinton was able to force the mining company to relocate to another site.

On the other hand, when Ecuador acknowledged that it was having great difficulty protecting the exotic ecosystem on its own Galapagos Island Park, it specifically requested that this site not be classified as “in danger”—presumably from fear of adverse effects on the lucrative tourist traffic. The World Heritage Committee readily obliged. So we have a system which treats the United States as less able to protect its environmental treasures than wretchedly poor Ecuador and treats the Netherlands as more in need of human-rights improvement than the Central African Republic.

We can expect to see this pattern on a larger scale as different nations move to implement the Kyoto agreements in their own way. For environmentalists in the United States and Western Europe, it will be a call to arms, even if the goals are less ambitious than what activists had hoped. It will not matter at all that their efforts are not matched by efforts in China or India. We will be told that the United States must set an example. We will be assured that the developing countries will make their own efforts later on.

THERE is probably not much that can be done in the short term to prevent the Clinton Administration from making some sort of commitment at Kyoto—although the Administration seems anxious to avoid a commitment that is overly burdensome. Critics might usefully broaden their field of vision, however, from immediate cost-benefit analyses of the current round of climate-control commitments. The larger issue is whether we want to leave the door open to entangling the United States in subsequent ventures of this kind.

In effect, activists on the left have been developing an alternative or parallel world, all the more easily manipulated because it deploys the moral prestige of “the world” but binds only those who want to feel bound. We ought to be asking serious questions now about when and how the United States can be “bound” in such vague and manipulable international undertakings. They pose a real threat to the integrity of our constitutional system. That threat may not be so terrifying as catastrophic climate change. But the constitutional threat is a lot more immediate. □

Married to the Mob

Under Ron Carey and John Sweeney, union corruption has taken a new turn, as the unions' power is put at the service, not of members' wages, but of New Left causes.

RICH LOWRY

CAN you imagine? *Planned Parenthood.* Jimmy Hoffa Jr. is eating a thick 10-ounce cheeseburger at Carl's Chop House in a run-down section of Detroit just blocks from his Teamster offices, lamenting the prior affiliation of Bill Hamilton, a top aide to Teamster president Ron Carey. "This guy is more adept at putting condoms on bananas than representing Teamster families," he says. Just a few yards away sit a group of about ten weathered-looking guys in jeans and shiny union jackets—exactly the union rank-and-file that Hoffa argues Carey and his liberal aides don't represent. "He's tied himself to every wacko left-wing group around," complains Hoffa.

Beefy and pleasant, Jimmy Hoffa Jr. is what one labor observer calls "the Pillsbury Doughboy of the union movement." He's big and not particularly sharp, a former Michigan State football player who is as animated discussing his beloved Detroit Lions as he is talking about the issues roiling the Teamsters union that his father so famously built. But his attitudes are in sympathy with those of his union's blue-collar rank-and-file; he's a social conservative (pro-life and a long-time member of the National Rifle Association) who is more interested in building a muscular union than in forming grand left-wing alliances. That is why Jimmy Hoffa Jr. last year became the catalyst for a burgeoning Teamster scandal with far-reaching implications not just for the union, but for the nation's politics.

In last year's Teamster vote, the Carey re-election campaign was so frightened by Hoffa's strength—fueled partly by his name, redolent of corruption, but

also of the Teamsters' glory years—that it illegally raided the union treasury of hundreds of thousands of dollars to help beat him. At stake was not just Carey's posh set-up at the Teamsters' "marble palace" in Washington, D.C., but also a new vision of unionism and the future of John Sweeney's aggressive, hard-Left AFL-CIO. Carey-Sweeney unionism seeks to create a broad left-wing political movement embracing feminists, environmentalists, gays, and other interests not likely to be represented at Carl's Chop House. Indeed, the current scandal is a lesson in what happens when radical politics meets corrupt unionism—with an assist from the most ethical Administration ever.

Ron Carey's reputation as a union reformer—which has now been completely shredded—was first made by Steven Brill's 1978 book *The Teamsters*. Brill portrayed Carey as practically the only clean Teamster, a former UPS driver living in a house he shared with his

father in a working-class neighborhood in Queens, New York. Insofar as he had politics, they were working-class conservative. Carey was soon adopted by liberal editorialists as the Great White Hope of the Teamsters. When he won election in 1991, he took a sharp turn left. He hired aggressive Left-wing staff from the Mineworkers union and from the ranks of former campus radicals. Veterans of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) are all over the fundraising scandal that first prompted a federal election official to order a new Teamster election, then to disqualify Carey from running in it.

Carey also allied himself with John Sweeney, then the president of the Service Employees International Union, who was a major player in a coup planned against Lane Kirkland's traditional, anti-Communist leadership of the AFL-CIO. Richard Trumka of the Mineworkers and Gerald McEntee of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) masterminded the plan to deliver the AFL-CIO over to the wing of the union movement dominated by the remnants of the anti-anti-Communist New Left. In June 1995 Kirkland stepped down in favor of his protégé Tom Donahue, a traditional Catholic Democrat who represented at least a step to the Left. The plotters could have been satisfied with Donahue, but they realized that Sweeney had the votes to win. In October 1995 he knocked off Donahue, effecting a revolution in the politics of the AFL-CIO.

Carey and Sweeney are ostensibly union reformers, but there has always been a disconcerting whiff of the mob about



Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

them. Carey's old Local 804 in New York City has, according to published reports, been linked to organized crime. Did that change under Carey? "The mob doesn't give up a local to a reformer without a serious fight," says one union watcher. "There was no fight." Carey has consistently been given a clean bill of health by the Federal Government, but there is by now a long lit-

'Without a change in membership, the union went from Reagan Democrat to ultra-liberal.'

any of untoward circumstance and shady characters in his record: in 1975 he testified on behalf of a gangster indicted in a loan-shark scheme; one of his close aides was indicted in 1987 for investing the local's funds in a mob pension scheme (Carey signed the checks); a Luchese crime-family boss turned government informer reportedly fingered him as a mob asset; and it turns out Carey owns several Florida condominiums that strike critics as beyond his supposedly modest means.

The same mob informant who fingered Carey—Alphonse D'Arco, considered a credible source by the Federal Government in other cases—also named Sweeney's old SEIU Local 32B-32J as a mob-influenced outfit. Sweeney left the local in 1981 to take over the SEIU national presidency. But, as *New York* magazine has reported, he continued to draw a salary from the local—a practice called "double dipping," which reformers loathe—until his election as AFL-CIO president in 1995. Approving Sweeney's salary, according to *New York*, was his hand-picked successor, Gus Bevana, whose \$400,000 salary has been a monument to union abuse. These associations may have given Sweeney a crucial advantage in the AFL-CIO race over the left wing's ideal candidate, Richard Trumka. In addition to liberals, Sweeney could count on the support of dinosaurs like Edward Hanley of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers and the notorious Laborers Union president, Arthur Coia. "I think the Left supported Sweeney," says one union watcher, "because they knew he could get the support of some mobbed-up unions."

The Left rejoiced when Sweeney knocked off Donahue, smelling a chance to capture the unions that it had not had since before the Vietnam War. Steven Fraser, an editor at Houghton-Mifflin and former campus radical, has spearheaded an effort to promote cooperation between labor and the intellectuals, on the model of 1930s union politics. Last year, Fraser published Sweeney's book, *America Needs a Raise*, and organized a "teach-in" at Columbia University where Sweeney and other union leaders shared a podium with such stars of the Left as Betty Friedan and Eric Foner. Sweeney's staff, in turn, is heavily dependent on long-time radicals. "The AFL-CIO is dominated at the department level by an SDS alumni association," says a former union official. "That's where Sweeney gets his ideas from. That's his base."

The Clinton Administration was a big beneficiary of labor's new leadership. The AFL-CIO PAC gave the Democrats \$1.1 million in direct contributions in 1996 (\$14,000 went to the GOP). In a sharp turnabout from the days when the Teamsters endorsed Republicans, Carey began dumping millions of dollars into the Democratic Party—\$2.5 million

from the Teamsters PAC in 1996 alone. As one Teamster watcher says, "Without a change in membership, the union leadership went from Reagan Democrat to ultra-liberal." Indeed, a symbiotic relationship developed between the Teamsters and the Clinton Administration that probably helped entice Carey's campaign into its fund-swapping scheme.

CAREY became close to top White House aide Harold Ickes, whose law firm has done work for New York locals fighting charges of mob influence. Before becoming White House counsel, Charles Ruff was hired by the Teamsters, seemingly to help quash rumors of Carey's mob connections. (To work on the case, Ruff hired the private investigation firm of Palladino and Sutherland, which did bimbo-suppression work for Clinton in 1992.) And top Clinton campaign official Terry McAuliffe allegedly was in on last year's money-laundering plans. Meanwhile, Carey had seen how the Teamsters' Independent Review Board and the Justice Department ignored his tainted associations over the years, and surely he noticed how Justice went easy on big Democratic donor Arthur Coia. "These

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guys believed they controlled the cops," explains one GOP congressional staffer.

They could be forgiven for having similar misapprehensions about the press. Carey's old associations have hit the papers, but the overall tone of the coverage has always been positive—even when he was disqualified from next year's election because of his misappropriation of union funds. The *Washington Post* reported that "outside of the campaign-finance scandal, Carey has been a singularly effective fighter against corruption." A *New York Times* headline read: "Carey's Sad Fall." When the fundraising scandal first began to be fully fleshed out in October, there was a shocked quality about the coverage—how could things go so wrong for, as a *Washington Post* story characterized them, a bunch of "liberal do-gooders"?

But, as one former union official

How could things go so wrong for a bunch of 'liberal do-gooders'?

points out, many of the old campus radicals around Carey had shilled for the Black Panthers, cheered on Ho Chi Minh, and cut sugar cane in Cuba. "These guys are latter-day Leninists," he says. "If they run an operation, you know it's not going to be run according to democratic norms." It's not necessarily surprising either that there might be a mob taint around the figures championed by these "liberal do-gooders": organized crime is politically indiscriminate, and in the past had no problem allying itself with Communists in the trade unions.

Since the New Left types around Carey and Sweeney are so committed, they have added energy to the movement. It has, since the ascension of Carey and Sweeney, adopted more aggressive, shrewder organizing tactics. But the thrust of its effort is to consolidate union power in Washington, D.C., in order to create more lobbying punch and to fight ideological battles. "All the money is getting sucked up to Washington to pay for this left-wing stuff," explains one former union official, "while the bread and butter of the union movement, which is grievances and contract negotiations, gets neglected." Despite the fanfare, the AFL-CIO's membership rolls have dropped by 100,000 over the

last year or so. At the same time, Sweeney has spent AFL-CIO resources promoting causes Lane Kirkland never would have touched. Sweeney fought against California's anti-preference Civil Rights Initiative (he marched with Jesse Jackson in San Francisco) and filed a lawsuit to hinder efforts opposing same-sex marriage in Hawaii (he recently won an award from the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force).

This is a democratic politics at odds at least with much of the rhetoric of the Clinton Administration. The differences were more than rhetorical in the fight over fast track, which the unions won in a rout. It helped that the battle was fought on the ground most favorable to the unions, a House of Representatives whose Democratic leadership is dominated by old-style Democrats like Dick Gephardt. But, as the Democratic National Committee fights off debt and scandal, union dollars have become more important to the party. Sweeney has said the AFL-CIO will be active in next year's congressional races, raising members' monthly dues to fund a \$12 million "mobilization fund." Al Gore now is compelled regularly to give suck-up-to-union speeches, but the union strength ultimately benefits his adversary Gephardt (and perhaps eventually a left-wing true believer like Jesse Jackson, for whom many top AFL-CIO aides worked in 1988).

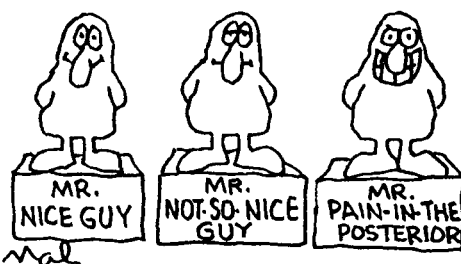
Needless to say, this is potential poison for the Democrats. In this year's race in Staten Island, New York, to replace retiring Republican Rep. Susan Molinari, the AFL-CIO played a big role. Its candidate, Democrat Eric Vitaliano, won only 38 per cent of the vote—despite the predominance of union households in the district. "They know the AFL-CIO doesn't represent them any more," says one former union official. The thrust of the new unionism is explicitly to take labor beyond the mundane concerns of average workers. As

one newspaper report from the Columbia AFL-CIO teach-in put it, "[Sweeney is] shifting the American union movement away from the narrow goal of better pay and benefits." A kind of contempt for working people is at the root of the Teamster fundraising scandal. Explains one veteran of left-wing battles: "This is ideological avarice, people who think they know what's best for the workers rather than relying on Teamster voters to make up their own minds."

If Teamster voters ever are allowed to make up their minds—this spring's scheduled re-vote may be delayed by federal election officers—they will probably chose as their next president Jimmy Hoffa Jr., which means trouble for the current leadership of the AFL-CIO. Sweeney would not have won the AFL-CIO presidency without the support of Carey and his huge block of Teamster votes. Meanwhile, the architects of the anti-Kirkland coup—Richard Trumka, now secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, and AFSCME's Gerald McEntee—have both been implicated in the scandal. If Trumka is indicted for funneling AFL-CIO funds to Carey, filling his position could become a real battle, with Hoffa and traditional unionists like American Federation of Teachers president Sandra Feldman on one side and the Sweeney forces on the other. If the scandal doesn't touch Sweeney himself, he is probably popular enough to hold onto power—but with a different constellation of forces beneath him.

JIMMY Hoffa Jr., whose Teamster office complex in Detroit is in the shadow of a slate-grey Tiger Stadium, certainly doesn't project the image of a new, dynamic, revitalized labor. His office is a spartan wood-paneled affair with a spare tie thrown over a door-knob and a lost-in-time feel about it. The streets outside are cracked and potholed, and the neighborhood consists almost entirely of liquor stores and abandoned buildings—as if it were Srebrenica in between the shooting. Hoffa himself seems to have no big new ideas beyond the Detroit Lions' need to shore up their offensive line. But, as a recent *New Republic* editorial grudgingly concluded, the Teamsters membership seems to prefer him as its leader.

Carey has certainly handed him any number of compelling campaign themes. Says Hoffa: "He has made our union basically an annex of the Demo-



cratic Party and the Clinton White House. It's not good for our union and we have little to show for it." The Clinton White House doesn't have much to show for its alliance with Carey and Co. either—except for another scandal and a stinging policy defeat. Hoffa, of course, has blind spots, and he may have engaged in financial shenanigans of his own last year. Asked about the Teamsters' notorious corrupt past, he is

dismissive: "That's what they say." He may eventually surround himself with his own shady cast of characters, but at least they will be garden-variety crooks rather than ideologues bent on radically changing America on the backs of union workers. For now, the motto of the movie *Hoffa*, a poster of which hangs above Jimmy Hoffa Jr.'s desk, applies most aptly to Carey and his radical allies: "He did what he had to do." □

Hide and Seek

America's impressive record of catching terrorists is helping to keep their activities to a minimum.

EUGENE H. METHVIN

IT was shortly before 8 A.M. on January 25, 1993, the height of the morning rush hour. At the entrance to the Central Intelligence Agency in Langley, Va., as traffic was waiting at the stop light to make a left turn into the agency complex, a man got out of his car with a Chinese-made AK-47 assault rifle and walked among the other cars, shooting the people in them. In less than three minutes, he murdered two people and left three bleeding and maimed for life. All but one of the wounded were CIA employees. The gunman then calmly got back into his car and disappeared amid the spreading shock, panic, and terror.

Police had no clue as to the terrorist's identity until a Pakistani immigrant living in the area tipped them off that he thought it might be his roommate, who had disappeared the day after the shooting with no notice or explanation. The FBI found the assault rifle in the apartment, and forensic experts established that it matched the shell casings at the murder scene. Fingerprints found on the casings established the assassin's identity: he was Mir Aimal Kasi, a 28-year-old Pakistani had who entered the country illegally in 1992. The FBI established that Kasi left the country the day after the shooting on a flight to Islamabad, then flew to his home in Quetta, a city of 800,000 in Baluchis-

tan, near the Afghan border. After a brief stay with his family, and just before the FBI announced he was wanted for the shooting, Kasi disappeared into the Afghan borderlands.

The FBI put Kasi on its "most want-

ed" list. The State Department advertised a \$2-million reward, flooding Baluchistan with wanted posters, handbills, and even matchbooks bearing Kasi's picture. But for four years there was not a trace of him.

Then at 4 A.M. on a Sunday, June 15, 1997, in the city of Dera Ghazi Khan, 210 miles east of Quetta, a team of FBI and CIA agents knocked at the door of Room 213 of the seedy two-story Hotel Shalimar. When the sleepy occupant answered, they floored and handcuffed him. He cursed briefly, and they ordered him to shut up. He did. With a quick fingerprint check they identified him as the wanted Kasi and hauled him away. A day later, at a Pakistani Air Force compound at the Islamabad airport, they hurried him aboard a U.S. Air Force C-141 Starlifter and flew him back to Fairfax County, Virginia, to face American justice. On the way, as one FBI agent later testified, Kasi was chatty, voluntarily confessing to the 1993 killings and even signing a written synopsis of his confession.

A Virginia jury deliberated just four hours before convicting him of capital murder on November 10. Some thirty hours later in Karachi, also during the

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Mr. Methvin is a Washington-based roving editor with Reader's Digest.

morning rush hour, gunmen killed four American auditors working for a Texas-based oil company. Once again, FBI agents flew to Pakistan, forewarned that the murders might be a ploy to lure them into a retaliatory trap in the cat-

*Uncle Sam pays
for information that
prevents or resolves
a terrorist act against
U.S. citizens.*

and-mouse game Uncle Sam has been playing with terrorists for more than a decade.

The capture of America's most-wanted terrorist was another triumph in a long string of generally unrecognized successes for American lawmen and policymakers in the war on international terrorism. In the last decade incidents have declined sharply, from an average of 616 a year in the 1984-88 span to 389 a year in the 1992-95 span. A major reason is that the world now knows that Uncle Sam has both a long memory and a long arm and will spare no effort to catch and punish those who commit terrorist acts against Americans. Congress in 1984 and 1986 made it a crime under U.S. law to harm an American citizen or attack an American business for political aims anywhere in the world, and it authorized the FBI to investigate, arrest perpetrators, and bring them to the United States to face trial in an American court. And most countries' foreign ministries and police eagerly help. The State Department through patient but persistent negotiations has created a growing web of international cooperation that includes ten international conventions and treaties covering aircraft hijacking and attacks on ships, diplomats, United Nations personnel, and the like. Terrorists today know there are not many places to hide.

Thus Fawaz Yunis today sits in a U.S. prison doing a thirty-year term for hijacking a Royal Jordanian jetliner from Beirut in 1985 with seventy passengers aboard, including four Americans. His capture represented the first use of the new anti-terrorism statute. The CIA enlisted the help of a former friend of his from Beirut who was living in Cyprus.

This man engaged Yunis in a telephone conversation about drug deals, with CIA officers manning the tape recorder as Yunis admitted his role in the hijacking. In 1987 Yunis joined the man motorboating to a "drug deal" aboard a yacht the FBI had rented in the Mediterranean. Yunis soon found himself under arrest and aboard a plane to Washington. On the eve of his trial he lamented, "I never imagined that I would be arrested by the American government!"

And thus the FBI carefully filed sixty fingerprints left behind in 1973 by terrorists who planted powerful bombs timed to explode simultaneously in rented cars outside two Israeli banks in Manhattan and at the El-Al airline terminal at Kennedy International Airport. (Faulty wiring kept the bombs from exploding.) Investigators identified the bomber as Khalid Duhham al-Jawari, an Iraqi linked to Black September, the Palestinian group that killed 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Israeli intelligence finally fingered al-Jawari masquerading as a PLO official based in Cyprus, with a new name, wife, and children. In 1993 the FBI caught him passing through Rome, the Italian government extradited him, and he was convicted and now sits in a U.S. prison.

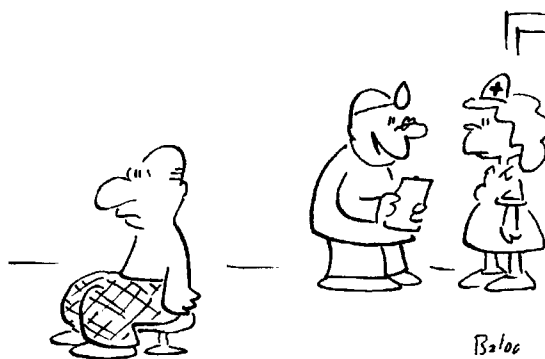
Also in 1984, Congress created a program of rewards administered by the State Department. State has advertised in newspapers around the world that Uncle Sam will pay up to \$2 million for information that prevents or resolves a terrorist act against U.S. citizens or property overseas, or leads to the arrest or conviction of criminals committing such acts. The Department has recruited Hollywood celebrities to tout the rewards on global television networks. Moreover, the U.S. Airline Pilots Association

and Air Transport Association offer up to \$2 million more when American carriers are targeted. The number to call, from anywhere in the world, is 800-HEROES1.

The reward program has produced defections of more than ten informants and the arrest of several notorious terrorists and prevented nearly a dozen acts of terror aimed at Americans overseas. It prevented a terrorist attack on the American embassy in Bangkok during the 1991 Gulf War.

The reward program's most spectacular success was its critical role in the 1995 capture of the world's most dangerous terrorist, 28-year-old Ramzi Ahmed Yousef, convicted for masterminding the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. Raised in Kuwait by a Pakistani father and Palestinian mother, Yousef earned an electronic-engineering degree in England and mastered bomb-making in Islamic-extremist training camps in Afghanistan. There or elsewhere he hooked up with the blind Sheik Abdel Rahman—whose hate sermons inspired the 1981 assassination of Anwar al-Sadat—and possibly also with Iraqi intelligence. The amount of terrorist activity Yousef undertook in four years was astounding. He built and planted the World Trade Center bomb, bombed an airliner in the Philippines and a Shiite shrine in Iran, killing 26 people, and plotted to assassinate Pope John Paul II on his Philippine visit. He also planned to kill Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto of Pakistan. Yousef was mixing explosives in his kitchen in Manila when his devil's brew produced enough smoke to attract firemen and police. They found an astounding bomb factory, and a computer file detailing an elaborate plot to blow 12 American airliners out of the Pacific skies in a two-day superspectacle of slaughter. But Yousef himself had vanished. Evidence he left behind in his various bomber's lairs showed he was a kingpin in a terror network stretching from Manila to Copenhagen. The State Department advertised the full \$2-million reward for his capture.

A month later, in Islamabad, Yousef tried to recruit a South African Muslim theology student, Istiaq Parker, who was rabidly anti-American. At first Parker listened, but he got cold feet when Yousef gave him the assignment of smuggling a bomb into the United States. When Parker refused he was threatened



"It's all in his head—this could be very lucrative."

with death because he knew too much. Frightened, he chose to trust the Great Satan rather than his own Islamic-extremist associates. He went to the U.S. Embassy in Islamabad, carrying a copy of *Newsweek* containing a photo of Yousef and reporting the \$2-million reward. There he arranged for asylum in the United States for himself and his wife and baby. Hours later, Pakistani cops and U.S. agents burst into Yousef's room and arrested him amid bomb paraphernalia. Cocky at first, the fugitive terrorist turned white and began to shake when he realized he was in the grip of American law enforcement. A New York jury last September convicted Yousef and two co-conspirators, and they face life in prison without parole.

MIR Aimal Kasi seems to be of an entirely different breed. By all the evidence so far, he was a loner, a psychological kinsman of Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, and John Hinckley, working out internal demons against symbols of power that came into his sights. After Kasi's CIA attack, American reporters rushed to Quetta and fleshed out a portrait of an aimless, troubled floater.

Kasi was born in 1964 to a politically powerful and wealthy family in Quetta. The father had three sons and four daughters by his first wife, and then took a second wife, who had only one child, the future assassin. His mother died in 1982, when he was 18, and his father died in 1989, leaving him always "a loner within the family," with an "unpredictable" nature, according to his 43-year-old half-brother, now the family headman. Other family members chimed in with a chorus of adjectives portraying Kasi as the kind of man who might have had secret, even violent passions. "A self-centered man," said a cousin, a surgeon. "He should be checked by a psychiatrist," offered another half-brother. *New Yorker* reporter Mary Anne Weaver discovered that Kasi at the age of 8 had had a fight with a teacher and then burned down the school—a deed for which he apparently was never punished. Two *Washington Post* reporters found him to have been mostly apathetic, usually shy and somewhat naïve, but also given to occasional aggressive outbursts. He resorted to threats and intimidation to try to get higher grades, his university professors recalled. He also took to carrying an AK-47 to school after the anti-Communist

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Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") Can Israel survive without it?

There is incessant agitation for Israel to turn over most or perhaps even all of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to the PLO. Such a move would inevitably lead to the creation of a Palestinian State—perhaps even with Jerusalem as its capital. Can Israel survive this dismemberment? Is it in the best interests of the United States?

What are the facts?

The Root of the conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. It is about Israel's very existence. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan." It calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance. But this is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over \$50

billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks,

"Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States are served by Israel's relinquishing control of the 'West Bank'."

aircraft and much more. The Arab state possess large arsenals of chemical and biological weapons, and all of them work feverishly on the development of their nuclear potential. All of those weapons have only one single target and one single purpose: the destruction of the state of Israel. And that goal is not being cancelled for any agreements between Israel and the Palestinians.

For both "conventional" war and for war of mass destruction, territory and topography are critical for self-defense and deterrence. The mountainous territory of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is an indispensable line of defense. It totally controls access to Israel's

heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense and to be able to peer deeply into enemy territory. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them.

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to her pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored

forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum

to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen Palestinian terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently come to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness, the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time," neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States would be served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank."

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nist Afghan rebellion broke out in 1980. He was 16 at the time.

A cousin who talked anonymously to *New York Times* correspondent John F. Burns said Kasi had become passionately involved with a number of political groups while a student at the University of Baluchistan, where he earned a master's degree in English literature. The cousin said this hate was combined with a passion for guns that Kasi kept secret from his family, hiding weapons in his room and displaying them to close friends. "He'd pull out a pistol or a Kalashnikov and describe its range and its firepower," he said. In 1987, two visiting American professors were scheduled to give poetry readings on campus, but were forced by a student protest to leave hurriedly. Kasi waited until the two Americans were moving through demonstrators outside the building, pulled a pistol from beneath his shirt, and fired two shots into the air. "The other students cheered him." At his Virginia trial other relatives testified that as a child he had had epileptiform seizures, and neurologists said brain scans showed frontal lobe damage—but other experts rejoined that many people with such pathology live normal lives and do not murder.

After the CIA murders, Kasi appeared suddenly at his family's Quetta compound; he disappeared just as suddenly about ten days later, just before the FBI identified him as the suspect. He spent much of the time since as a fugitive moving among the mud-walled forts of his extended family on both sides of the lightly policed Afghan-Pakistani border, where smuggling and opium sales are the major enterprises. The real governors there are the tribal chieftains. It is "an area where \$2 million is worth more than clan loyalty," Robert Oakley, former U.S. ambassador to Pakistan, told the *Washington Post*. The CIA station agents in Pakistan maintained paid informants among the Afghan tribal headmen, guerrilla fighters, religious leaders, and village elders whom the agency had supported in its \$3-billion covert operation against the Soviet invaders in the 1980s. A week or so before the capture, this network concocted a ruse to lure Kasi to the Hotel Shalimar.

An FBI team flew out from Washington and worked hand in glove with the CIA for about a week, trailing the fugitive, who was moving frequently. At one point, Jimmy C. Carter, the Afri-

can-American 17-year FBI veteran who led the group, told reporters he got a request to fax a report back to headquarters in the middle of the night when he was operating covertly in a town that had only one electric light, and "where the best form of transportation is a twenty-year-old motorcycle." Some of the FBI agents disguised themselves in burkas, the head-to-toe gowns women in the region wear. The FBI has come a long way since the days when J. Edgar Hoover refused to let his G-men grow mustaches or beards in order to circulate among the radicals wrecking

the college campuses in Berkeley, Madison, or Cambridge.

The U.S. successes in tracking international terrorists and bringing them to the bar of American justice represent a major triumph. Congress provided the statutes and the money, and the State Department, FBI, and CIA have collaborated effectively to strike telling blows in the war on terrorism. Despite the murders in Karachi last week, that war must go on. And, meanwhile it is important for Americans to realize that, sometimes, Washington does something right. □

Rotten Apples

When it comes to teaching teachers how to teach, America's schools of education are failing miserably.

JONATHAN LEAF

WHEN administrators in the Connetquot school district on New York's Long Island decided earlier this year to hire more teachers for their schools, they began their selection process by requiring that the would-be teachers—all of them graduates of education schools—demonstrate the ability to answer the reading-comprehension questions on the State High School English Regents Test, which the school's own students had been given over the years.

Here is the beginning of one reading passage and the questions based on it.

The freeze-up on Black Bear Lake is a prelude to winter. The freeze-up is a prelude to hardship. The freeze-up is a prelude to loneliness. . . .

1. The effect of lines 1 and 2 is achieved by the narrator's use of what literary device?

- a) Contrast.
- b) Symbolism.
- c) Definition.
- d) Repetition.

2. The narrator associates the freeze-up with . . .

- a) Difficulty and isolation.
- b) Observation and judgment.
- c) Conflict and resolution.
- d) Challenge and accomplishment.

These were typical questions from the

test. Of 758 licensed teachers who took this multiple-choice exam, only 202 could answer the required 80 per cent of the questions correctly. Teacher pay in the district ranges up to \$84,625 annually.

A great deal of noise is now being made by the liberal press and by President Clinton about the possibility of "reforming" public education. And, indeed, not all the present problems in public education should be attributed to the fact that public primary and secondary schools in this country are organized as a state monopoly—one with the efficiency of the Post Office and the integrity of the current presidential Administration. In theory, after all, school administrators could reduce the power of teachers unions, and tenure could be eliminated. (Whether this is politically feasible, of course, is an open question.) Similarly, teachers could be given more authority to discipline and dismiss violent students.

However, a major problem, with no obvious solution, is the education-school graduates who are currently teaching in and running the schools. Not only has the average SAT verbal score of all students declined in the last thirty years, but so have those of succes-

Mr. Leaf teaches in public school.

sive cohorts of teachers. By the early 1980s, college students majoring in education averaged an SAT verbal score below 400. A study done some years ago in Houston showed that applicants for teaching positions scored lower on basic skills tests in math than the average for high-school seniors. In a Florida county, one-third of the teachers could not pass skills tests for eighth-graders. W. Timothy Weaver of Boston University has shown that education majors do more poorly on the SAT than majors in any other subject. Moreover, studies have shown that the education students who score highest are most likely to leave the field. Nor is the problem confined to the United States. Japan is the only nation among the economic leaders in the world which has elementary-school teachers who were among the top half of their college classes in academic ability—undoubtedly one of the principal causes of its outstanding schools.

Not long ago I sat in on a public-school class in Brooklyn taught by a pleasant young woman just finishing her education requirements at a local college. Teaching a specially prepared class on the legacy of British imperialism in India, she asked students whether they thought that this legacy had been mostly a help or a hindrance for India. When a student observed that although India had been given a legacy of democratic institutions it remained a Third World country, the teacher corrected him, explaining that the world's largest democracy was not one and that neither was India a Third World nation. This followed her decision to pass out to students a speech by an unnamed Brahmin decrying British rule, a man whom she did not and (I later discovered) could not herself identify. Nevertheless, the comments on the new teacher's performance by her education-school instructor, who was sitting beside me, were almost uniformly positive.

IF ONE wishes to know why American children are rarely exposed to anything worth reading in their classrooms, one has only to ask what education-school students read themselves. Reginald Damerell, formerly an education professor at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, has reported that many graduate education departments—as a matter of policy—refuse even to look at test scores, claiming they are discriminatory. He further notes

that some education doctoral candidates he has encountered unabashedly refused to do even a modicum of reading on the grounds that they were dyslexic. And while his school did look at grades, as a matter of policy it deliberately took less-qualified applicants for its graduate pro-

*In a Florida county,
one-third of the
teachers could not
pass skill tests
for eighth-graders.*

grams—students with grade-point averages and test scores which were considered unacceptable for undergraduate admission. In fact, a pamphlet put out by the school boasted about this.

Not only do requirements that prospective teachers attend education schools keep able people out of the teaching field, but they also infect the airheads who are willing to attend these schools with ridiculous methods of teaching. In the last few years education

schools have been promoting the idea that children should not be made to do individual work or show individual effort, but rather that they should be graded for work done in a group (or a village). Called collaborative or cooperative learning, this is being practiced now to some degree in virtually every school in America. Needless to say, the fact that this in no way helps children learn has not discouraged our education-school-trained teachers from relying on the idea. But, then again, why would education-school graduates be enthusiastic about individual thought and effort when they themselves were so challenged by it?

Ironically, one of the main arguments that teachers unions are now making on behalf of public education is that all their teachers are licensed—that is, that they are education-school graduates. I have worked as a public-school teacher for several years and have never once seen someone with limited formal intelligence who proved to be a successful teacher; such people are the majority in public education today. However, when attempts have been made to eliminate education-school requirements in favor of more basic tests of intelligence and

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academic proficiency, these attempts have almost always been thwarted by political pressure from teachers unions anxious to maintain an artificial teacher shortage. On the few occasions such requirements have been reduced, educa-

tion-school graduates in administrative positions have generally refused to hire people without education-school backgrounds anyway.

If the teachers can't teach, the students can't learn. □

As the Bell Curves

Is The Bell Curve the stealth public-policy book of the 1990s?

DAN SELIGMAN & CHARLES MURRAY

DS: Three years after publication of *The Bell Curve*, I find myself endlessly reading news stories about great national controversies in which all the participants do their best to ignore the data you and Dick Herrnstein laid on the table. Three recent examples:

1) the row over school vouchers, whose advocates (e.g., Bill Bennett in the *Wall Street Journal*) endlessly take it for granted that poor performance by students reflects only inadequacies by the teaching profession—inadequacies among the learners being a huge unmentionable;

2) the President's astounding proposal (never characterized as such) that all American youngsters, including those with IQs at the left tail, should have at least two years of college;

3) the expressions of surprise and rage when it turned out that, in the absence of affirmative action, prestigious law schools would be admitting hardly any black students. The participants in these controversies were in no sense talking back to *The Bell Curve*. They were pretending its data do not exist. What's your perspective?

CM: I read the same stories you do and ask the same question: Do these guys know but pretend not to? Or are they still truly oblivious? In the case of education vouchers, there is a sensible reason to ignore *The Bell Curve*: inner-city schools are overwhelmingly lousy. Bill Bennett has read the book, understands it, and (rare indeed) has defend-

ed it on national television. But his battle cry is, and should be, "These kids are getting a raw deal"—not a lot of qualifications about the difficulties in raising IQ.

Bill Clinton and his pandering on college education is another story altogether. Vouchers for elementary school can be a good policy idea, no matter what our book says about IQ. But universal college education cannot be. Most people are not smart enough to profit from an authentic college education. But who among Republicans has had the courage to call Clinton on this one? A lot of silence about *The Bell Curve* can be put down to political cowardice.

Affirmative action was still politically sacrosanct when *The Bell Curve* came out in October 1994. Within a year, the tide had swung decisively. Did the book play any role? Damned if I know. Dick and I were the first to publish a comprehensive account of the huge gaps in SAT scores at elite colleges, but I have found not a single citation of the book during the affirmative-action debate.

My best guess—and the broad answer to your question—is that *The Bell Curve* is the stealth public-policy book of the 1990s. It has created a subtext on a range of issues. Everybody knows what the subtext is. Nobody says it out loud.

DS: I am reading with fascination your "afterword" in the paperback edition, and I have an argumentative question about the passage where you speculate on long-term responses to the book. You postulate a three-stage process. In stage one, the book and its authors take endless rounds of invective from critics who simply want to suppress the message that human beings differ in mental

ability. These critics turn to thought control because they look at your findings and conclude, in Michael Novak's words, that "they destroy hope"—a hope which Novak sees as a this-worldly eschatological phenomenon. In stage two, the invective attracts the interest of scholars not previously involved in these disputes. They look over the empirical record, deciding in the end that your case is supportable and may indeed have been understated in some areas. In stage three, these scholars build on your work, and in the end do more than *The Bell Curve* itself to demolish those eschatological hopes. In the long run, the thought control shoots itself in the foot.

This process seems entirely plausible. But I wonder: Will the truth ever break out of the academic world? Remember, the basic message (including even a genetic factor in the black-white gap) was already pretty well accepted by scholars in the mid Eighties as the Snyderman-Rothman book documented. What I never see is acceptance of any part of this message in the public-policy world, where the term "IQ" is seldom uttered without the speaker's sensing a need to dissociate himself from it.

Among many horror stories is the current row over Lino Graglia, the University of Texas law professor now in trouble for having stated an obvious truth: that black and Mexican-American students are "not academically competitive" with white students. Graglia gave the most benign possible explanation for this educational gap: minority students were not genetically or intellectually inferior but were suffering from a cultural background in which scholarship was not exalted. But that explanation got him nowhere. He has been attacked by every editorial page in Nexis that has weighed in on the matter. (He did better in the letters columns.)

NOW, I can see the process you envision going forward—with some scholars and maybe even some journalists looking at actual academic performance at Texas and other universities. What I cannot imagine is defenders of Graglia surfacing in any institutional setting—at least not in the realms of politics and education, nor in major media. Meanwhile, what with Texas campus demonstrations and Jesse Jackson's call for Graglia to be made a social pariah (cheered at the demonstrations), scholars have got the crucial message: Stay under cover if you hold

Mr. Seligman is the author of A Question of Intelligence: The IQ Debate in America. Mr. Murray is co-author of The Bell Curve.

beliefs challenging to those eschatological hopes.

CM: Graglia said "culture." What everybody heard was "genes." As soon as anyone argues that racial differences in intelligence are authentic, not an artifact of biased tests, everyone decodes that as saying the differences are grounded in genes. It is a non-sequitur, but an invariable one in my experience. America's intellectual elites are hysterical about the possibility of black-white genetic differences in IQ.

As you know, *The Bell Curve* actually took a mild, agnostic stand on the subject. Dick Herrnstein and I said that nobody yet knows what the mix between environmental and genetic causes might be, and it makes no practical difference anyway. The only policy implication of the black-white difference, whatever its sources, is that the U.S. should return forthwith to its old ideal of treating people as individuals.

But how many people know this? No one who hasn't read the book. Everyone went nuts about genes, so much so that most people now believe that race and genes is the main topic of our book.

Why? The topic of race and genes is like the topic of sex in Victorian England. The intellectual elites are horrified if anyone talks about it, but behind the scenes they are fascinated. I will say it more baldly than Dick and I did in the book: In their heart of hearts, intellectual elites, especially liberal ones, have

*The topic of
race and genes
is like the
topic of sex in
Victorian England.*

two nasty secrets regarding IQ. First, they really believe that IQ is the be-all and end-all of human excellence and that someone with a low IQ is inferior. Second, they are already sure that the black-white IQ difference is predominantly genetic and that this is a calamity—such a calamity indeed that it must not be spoken about, even to oneself. To raise these issues holds a mirror up

to the elites' most desperately denied inner thoughts. The result is the kind of reaction we saw to Lino Graglia.

But when people say one thing and believe another, as intellectual elites have been doing about race, sooner or later the cognitive dissonance must be resolved. It usually happens with a bang. When the wall of denial gives way, not only will the received wisdom on race and IQ change, the change will happen very rapidly and probably go much too far. The fervor of the newly converted is going to be a problem. I fully expect, if I live another twenty years, to be in a situation where I am standing on the ramparts shouting: "Genetic differences weren't a big deal when we wrote *The Bell Curve* and they still aren't a big deal."

DS: Watching Clinton perform in Little Rock the other day, and picking up especially on his lament about the extent and persistence of discrimination (including employment discrimination) in American life, I went back for one more look at that table on page 324 of *The Bell Curve*—the one showing that job discrimination is essentially nonexis-

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CONSERVATISM AND AMERICA'S FABRIC

GEORGE F. WILL

tent in the United States today. At least it is nonexistent among the younger workers in that huge sample from the National Longitudinal Survey of Youth.

Your argument begins by noting that when you control for age, education, and socioeconomic status (SES), black earnings are still only 84 per cent of white earnings, which implies continuing discrimination. As the table shows, however, when you bring IQ into the picture, everything changes. Even if you forget about education and SES and control only for age and IQ, the black-white earnings gap essentially disappears. To be precise: when you average the results for many different occupational categories, blacks of similar age

and IQ make 98 per cent as much as whites. When you control for gender as well, the figure goes to 101 per cent.

These findings seem stunning to me, on several counts. First, they show that employers are astonishingly good at seeing through the imperfect credentials represented by educational levels and family background, and at figuring out which job prospects have the most ability. Second, the findings are surely big news—and good news. They imply that much, or most, or essentially all (depending on the extent to which NLSY data can be generalized to the labor force as a whole) of what is routinely identified as invidious discrimination is nothing of the sort. It is rational behavior

by employers and it shows them to be amazingly color-blind. So why is this news not on the front pages?

CM: Think about how that front-page story would have to be headlined. It would have to convey the thought, **BLACKS WITH EQUAL IQS GET EQUAL PAY.** You see the problem. No matter how reasonable the explanation, it is not intellectually permissible at this moment in history for blacks or women to have different outcomes from white males. If you really want egregious examples of that attitude, don't bother with IQ and blacks. Look at the military performance of women. A military officer came into my office some months ago, almost with tears in his eyes. "We're killing people," he said, referring to the degradation of entrance requirements and training standards for combat pilots—a degradation carried out so that enough women could get through. How many journalists in major U.S. papers have been willing to write that story straightforwardly? When the problem of female combat performance is mentioned at all, it is with an "on the one hand, on the other hand" presentation, even though one side has all the data and the other side is only an attitude.

DS: Let me ask you to weigh in more heavily on an issue we touched on earlier—the "average child" fallacy. This is the notion that any normal child can learn anything if only he gets the right teaching. Your data make plain that this view is nonsense. Indeed, you add: "Critics of American education must come to terms with the reality that in a universal education system many students will not reach the level of education that most people view as basic."

That thought was so important that you put it in italics. In our current debate on national standards and educational reform, however, no one is paying attention to it—certainly not Bill Clinton, but also not many conservatives. I recently caught Jeanne Allen of the pro-voucher Center for Educational Reform in a debate on CNN. She was complaining about education bureaucrats "that don't believe, or don't necessarily think, all children are capable of learning to the highest level. I think that's scary."

Isn't it about time to scold conservative fans of education reform for persistently dodging reality when they're out there selling vouchers?

CM: I propose a new term: "suspension" (Continues on page 60)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

November 15, 1997

Dear Rusty,

When a despotic bully rattles his sword, there's only one thing to do: strike and strike hard. This guy has been a problem for us since day one, and I said it then and I'll say it now: To heck with diplomacy—let's rock-and-roll.

That's how you handle the Gephardts of this world, my friend. You strike swiftly and mercilessly.

I gave this advice to Bill but he just didn't get it. He's all compromise, compromise, compromise.

"Just get in there and swing," I told him. "Twist his arm, kick him in the butt, for goshsakes."

"Saddam?" he asked.

"No, not Saddam," I said. "Gephardt!"

"What do I do about Saddam?" he asked, puzzled.

"Him you cut a deal with," I said. "You know what? Let me take the lead and steer 'fast track' through Congress. You concentrate on Saddam."

At home that night, watching Letterman and sipping Celestial Seasonings Sleepytime Tea (herbal, of course, so I don't get jittery) I discussed strategy with the Tip.

"And so I told him," I said, wrapping up the day's events, "that he needed to get tough with Gephardt. Put 'fast track' up for a vote early next year, and really put him on the defensive."

"Hmmm," Tipper said, sipping her tea. "Not sure I agree with you there."

"How so, love of my life?"

I should mention here, Rusty, that Tipper and I have been seeing a relationship counselor for the past few weeks. Things have been kind of rough lately, what with the investigations of campaign fundraising improprieties, the Buddhist thing, and—well, let's be honest—Gephardt. She and I have a tendency to push each other's buttons during times of stress, and we don't have that many outlets, especially now that Tipper is eating right.

So we're trying to create "havens of stress-free discussion" and "me time/you time opportunities." Times when I can tell her what I did during the day and she can tell me how to fix it. "After all," she said to me after one of our sessions, "if we can be more open, more honest, more communicative, and more effective, why shouldn't you be?"

It's really helping.

"So, Tipper my equal partner, how could I have better handled today's discussion?" (You always want to use "healing words" and "non-judgmental comparatives" like "better" or "worse." So, before the counseling, Tipper would have said to me: "Al,

you blew it with Bill. That was the worst advice I ever heard." And I would have gotten defensive and we wouldn't have enjoyed our Sleepytime Tea. Now, thanks to Dr. Kiki Friedman-Green, we're having a "pro-active discussion.")

"Well, Al, where you went wrong was—"

"Tipper!" I cautioned. "Healing words."

She thought for a moment, composing her sentence as Dr. Kiki Friedman-Green has taught us. "Well, Al, my . . . magnificent steed . . . where you went . . . where you could have better handled your session with Bill . . . was by not telling him you'd handle 'fast track.' That was stupid."

"Tipper! You must use comparatives."

"I mean," she corrected herself, "that was . . . stupider . . . than your usual advice."

"Now, Tipper," I said, "was that so hard?"

She sighed. "Al," she said, "how could you be so stupid as to get involved in an intra-party dispute? Stay out of them. Act vice-presidential. Look busy with this Saddam nonsense. Fast track just loses you the old-time Left. Let Bill fight that fight. He's got nothing to lose. You should concentrate on the things that elevate you. I really find it hard to believe that after six years you've learned nothing from that man. It's a mystery to me how you can be so obtuse sometimes . . . um, honey."

I took a deep breath. "Okay, I don't even know where to begin. In the first place, you called me 'stupid.' I mean, just calling me 'honey' after that isn't really what Dr. Kiki is all about. And as far as 'obtuse' goes, you know and I know that losing weight is difficult for me. Cheap shot, Tip."

I was really getting my dander up. My voice was louder than normal, and I altered my usual rat-a-tat delivery and spoke extra-slowly. Sleepytime Tea splashed in my mug.

I went on: "As far as moving away from domestic intra-party disputes, let me say I have no intention of shying from a fight, or shirking my responsibility to Bill and this Administration."

"Al . . ." she said.

"Okay, okay. I'll talk to Bill tomorrow."

You see, Rusty, marriage is like presidential politics. And in this Administration, the Vice President calls the shots.

Keep your fingers crossed! Saddam may yet save me \$7.5 million in primary-campaign expenses!

Your pal, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Fascism à la Française

RICHARD GRENIER

IT WAS a splendid myth. France, defeated on the battlefield but unbowed in spirit, fought on magnificently in the Resistance against the Nazi beast and played a major role in its own Liberation. As one man, the French fought the German conqueror bitterly, bleeding him white, until France's Second Armored Division invaded Normandy and restored the country to freedom. *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. Hoist the *tricolore*. Let freedom ring.

Year by year pieces of this fiction have fallen away. But it is only now, with most of the active participants gone from the scene, that France is finally coming to terms with its wartime history.

During his last days on earth, the late Socialist president François Mitterrand still insisted that France was in no way responsible for the actions of the illegitimate regime of Vichy—the puppet government which Frenchmen set up in southern France after the defeat of 1940. Himself a decorated official of that puppet government, Mitterrand absolved France of all Vichy's sins. Vichy wasn't France. The real France had nothing to do with the 774,721 Jews the Vichy regime deported during the war, virtually none of whom survived. Yet France's record was unlike that of any other country occupied by Nazi Germany. Its Third Republic legally and democratically voted itself out of existence in 1940, creating in its place Pétain and Laval's "French State," technically neutral and sovereign. Again, like no other country overrun by the Germans, France was without a government in exile. The United States granted Vichy full diplomatic recognition, thus acknowledging the puppet regime's legitimacy, and it sent Admiral Leahy to its capital as American ambassador.

Another aspect of 1940 France that the mythmakers were not eager to bring to light was the number of Frenchmen who, if embarrassed by France's military defeat, actually agreed with Nazi ideas. *Mieux vaut Hitler que le Front Populaire*, the saying had it: Better Hitler than the Popular Front (the Socialist-Communist alliance that briefly ruled France in the late 1930s). A period quite lost to popular memory now—although certainly not lost in 1940—was the earlier part of the twentieth century when not Berlin or Vienna but Paris

was universally recognized as the capital of the authoritarian, anti-Semitic European Right. Indeed, not very long before that, during the Dreyfus Affair, great mobs had surged through the Paris streets crying, "Death to the Jews!"

At the end of World War II, the story of France's behavior under German rule was simply suppressed—a suppression greatly facilitated by the terms of the general amnesty. The Fourth Republic forbade any public reference to what the French call *faits de guerre*, wartime events. Vichy leader Marshal Pétain was convicted of treason, and his prime minister, Pierre Laval, was executed—as were some 3,700 other Frenchmen convicted of open collaboration with the enemy. However, the huge corps of civil servants—in France an elite group with high social standing—which for years had obediently carried out Nazi orders, was virtually untouched.

But now the floodgates have opened and the story of wartime France is coming out with a rush—to the astonishment of the younger generation of Frenchmen, to many of whom it seems like the history of a foreign country. Two years ago President Jacques Chirac, 13 years old at war's end, apologized to the Jewish people and abandoned the official government position that when French police rounded up thousands of Jews in July 1942, it was an action of the Nazi Occupation authorities and had nothing to do with France.

Only last month, Archbishop Olivier de Berranger shook the nation to its roots. Speaking in the name of all France's Catholic cardinals and bishops, he humbly apologized to Jews for the Church's silence in the face of French collaboration with the "murderous process" of the Nazi Holocaust, and begged the Jewish people for forgiveness. The French Church had in fact not been merely silent: Cardinal Baudrillart, then rector of the Catholic Institute in Paris, was an ardent Nazi supporter and called Adolf Hitler's mission noble and inspiring. "We beg the pardon of God,"

Archbishop Berranger said in a tone of anguish never heard from him in public before, "and we ask the Jewish people to hear this word of repentance." And now the French police



Mr. Grenier, author of *The Marrakesh One-Two*, is a columnist for the Washington Times.

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have apologized. The French medical association has apologized. Everyone is apologizing.

But a high point came in October when, after all these many years, France placed on trial the celebrated Maurice Papon, who, as the Vichy regime's secretary general of the Gironde Department surrounding Bordeaux, coldly deported over 1,600 Jews, including many small children. As fate would have it, this same Papon, efficient and industrious, rose to considerable prominence in postwar France, serving as police commissioner of Paris during the Algerian War and later as budget minister under President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Now, with Papon, the ranks of France's entire civil service—who up to this point have escaped chastisement—are in a sense on trial. Answering all charges defiantly, Papon himself, 87 as the trial began, has refused to apologize for anything. Even under Vichy he was serving his country, he has declared. The trial, expected to last until Christmas, has brusquely brought the nation face to face with an anti-democratic past which for half a century it has been trying to forget.

THE French have had to face too the fascist tendencies of an even more highly regarded set of their countrymen. One thing foreigners often fail to realize about France is the degree to which literature and politics are intertwined there. The list of French literary men who have played a political role, and of politicians and high-ranking civil servants who have played a literary role, is almost endless. For many generations the breeding ground of prime ministers was the faculty of letters of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, for all the world as if its students were mandarins of the Chinese empire. For foreigners, Paris might have been a center of the visual arts, but for France's meritocracy, and for its governing class to this day, *l'art noble* has always been literature. André Malraux, the distinguished novelist, led every campaign rally for General de Gaulle during his years in the wilderness, and once de Gaulle was president became his most trusted cabinet member. Saint-John Perse, a French poet and Nobel Prize-winner, known to English speakers for his great influence on T. S. Eliot, was for many crucial years—under his real name, Alexis Leger—secretary general of the Quai d'Orsay, France's Foreign Office. Léon Blum, prime minister during the Popular Front, was the regular theater critic of a prominent literary magazine (and wrote a curious cultural work, *De l'Amour*, in which he earnestly recommended that, before settling down in marriage, young ladies should carry on an extensive number of love affairs to "get it out of their system"—far more the notion of a literary man than of a politician).

Even in my time law students destined for politics would still frequently take a degree in French literature as well. And I once reviewed a volume of literary and cultural essays by François Mitterrand which made it apparent that he was steeped, not merely in literary tradition, but in right-wing literary tradition. It was said that at one time *Action Française*—Charles Maurras's monarchist political journal—had made every single literary reputation in France with the sole exception of Marcel Proust, who nonetheless wrote the journal a most obsequious homage. The editors refused to publish it, supposedly because it was too fawning, but possibly also because Proust was Jewish. In those years, in France, anti-Semitism was everywhere.

French best-seller lists are now suddenly crowded with

memoirs of France in its "fascist" period (few of which have been translated into English), for Papon's trial has not only fixed the nation's mind on its collaboration with the Nazi conqueror but has also recalled the ardent infatuation that much of the French nation once had for fascism itself—another detail passed over rather quietly for decades, although it was perfectly evident in the country's literature.

André Gide, a Nobel Prize-winner considered by many the foremost French literary figure of the period, is frequently credited with prodigious acumen for having "seen through" the Soviet Union, a visionary process recounted in his *Retour de l'URSS (Return from the USSR)*. This was easier for Gide than for many others, since somewhat earlier he had been a monarchist and an anti-Semite, hardly well disposed to Marxism. On the day the German army marched into Paris without firing a shot, he complained in his journal that France was in a state of deep decay. But soon afterward he made another entry: "To come to terms with yesterday's enemy is not cowardice but wisdom." Paul Claudel, another French literary giant of the period and a high-ranking member of the country's fashionable diplomatic service, wrote

*Many of the ornaments of French
culture positively embraced the Nazis.
At the Liberation, punishment
for such figures was at best haphazard.*

with exultation of the German victory: "No more Popular Fronts, trade-union confederations, raised-fist demonstrations, petitions signed willy-nilly by Communists and Catholics; no more of the vile tyranny of bistros, freemasons, wogs, *pions*, and schoolmasters." At the height of the war, Claudel's *Soulier de Satin* had a triumphal opening at the Comédie Française to an ecstatic ovation from German generals. And then there was Drieu la Rochelle, the impulsive, brilliant novelist who committed suicide in 1945 rather than be tried for treason and executed.

Many of the ornaments of French culture positively embraced the Nazis. Poet and playwright Jean Cocteau, fashion designer Coco Chanel, and film star Arletty (all homosexuals, for what it's worth), plus Sacha Guitry (France's John Barrymore), were on permanent display as proud hosts of the Nazis, even as Jews and various other undesirables were being deported to Auschwitz. At the Liberation, punishment for such figures was at best haphazard. Chanel was forced into retirement for about a decade. Cocteau got off scot free, perhaps because he was a witty, charming gentleman. Guitry, after spending a short time in prison, promptly came out with a new play, *Le Diable Boiteux*, in which he played Talleyrand, the celebrated statesman who in the turmoil of Napoleon's time served various contending French regimes while remaining loyal to *la France réelle*. The play was written in such a way as to make Talleyrand and Guitry—the blatant Nazi collaborator—seem virtually identical. It was a smash hit.

When Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval came to power in Vichy with their colleagues of the Etat Français, why were so many literary Frenchmen not merely pleased but delighted? After its terrible loss of life in the Great War, France was in a desperately demoralized state, and Vichy was a deliberate construction by reactionary monarchists who wanted their

country somehow to escape the squalor of the modern world and return to a pure, mythic France.

Along with Frenchmen who sought an authoritarian utopia in France's past were those like Colonel de la Rocque and his fascist Croix de Feu (with, as of 1937, a bigger membership than the Socialists and Communists combined) who sought their escape from the degenerate present in a wonderful, energized future. Both schools had an abundance of representatives in French literature. While the older wing—Maurras himself, Maurice Barrès, and Charles Péguy, all brilliant writers of whom only Maurras survived into the

*Visiting Berlin in 1942, Céline
declared with horror that the Nazi
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that the Nazis didn't even realize it.*

1930s—had celebrated the French past, the younger wing, such as Céline and Drieu la Rochelle, were romantically enticed by fascism's newness and strength.

It is almost universally conceded that the most influential French writer of the 1930s was Louis-Ferdinand Céline, author of *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* (*Journey to the End of Night*). *Voyage* hit Paris in 1934 like a bombshell. Never had a literary work in France been written in the language of "the people," with their conversational speech rhythms, but also their vulgarisms and profanity. Céline was a master of mood. Many Frenchmen of the period responded to his cynical temperament without quite seeing where he was headed politically. But many others saw, and the sales of his books under the Nazi Occupation were huge.

The opening scenes of *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit* take place at the front during World War I, where "Ferdinand" (Céline's alter ego) is horrified by the inhuman behavior of French and Germans alike. Half crazed, he is discharged from the army and sets off for the French colonies of Africa, but finds colonial life (in Cameroon) as disgusting as life in Europe. Next it's the turn of America, where he ends up working on the assembly line at Ford. The only sensitive and generous person he finds in the United States is Molly, a Detroit prostitute. Then it's back to Paris, where Ferdinand completes his medical studies and sets up a practice in a working-class Paris suburb (as did Céline himself). Once again he finds life in France to be mean, petty, selfish, deceitful, and greedy. The novel ends on the same despairing note that Céline has maintained throughout. What can save man in this depraved state?

In real life, Céline first tried Communism, but when he went to the Soviet Union he hated it, publishing a book, *Mea Culpa*, about his change of heart. At this point there arose throughout the Continent a vision of a Europe strong and pure which might cast off the cynicism that poisoned Céline's life. The vision was of Nazi Germany. Distressing to Céline's admirers today—who remain legion—he shared with the Nazis an anti-Semitism of the most rabid sort. At the German Embassy in Paris, addressing novelist Ernst Jünger (a Francophile and no anti-Semite), Céline erupted angrily: "Why don't the Germans hang and shoot all the Jews? If I had a bayonet, I know what I'd be doing!" By the time Jünger had seen Céline twice more he said he wouldn't touch

him with tongs. From being mad on the subject of Jews, Céline went mad entirely. Visiting Berlin in 1942 he declared with horror that the Nazi ministries were still filled with Jews and that the Nazis didn't even realize it.

Later Céline fled from France to Germany, and then to Denmark, thereby escaping almost certain execution. During a lengthy extradition process, he was tried in absentia in 1950. But in 1951, after the rage for vengeance had abated, he was pardoned and returned to his medical practice in the Paris suburbs, still anti-Semitic but now hating as well the Catholic Church, "founded by a dozen Jews." The Jews, he said, "should erect a monument to me for all the things I could have done to them that I didn't do."

A FAR more attractive version of the French literary fascist is Drieu la Rochelle, "rediscovered" with great enthusiasm by the French in the 1980s. But Drieu, inspired like Céline by the purity and strength he saw in Germany's New Order, also had a morbid fascination with death. If total beauty and total purity were not possible, then extinction was the only alternative. A celebrated novel, perhaps because director Louis Malle made an extraordinary film of it, is *Le Feu Follet* (*Will-o'-the-Wisp*). Its protagonist, again a surrogate for the writer, makes the rounds of all his friends and at the end, finding life insufficiently pure and idealistic, kills himself. It is this strange yearning for perfection in an imperfect world that won many of France's literary fascists a kinder assessment than one might have expected. "Misguided idealists" is the usual expression. Drieu la Rochelle, a good-looking, distinguished young man with high principles (of a sort), committed suicide in real life when after the Liberation of Paris he heard that a warrant had been issued for his arrest as a collaborator.

Those totally immersed in the present age of virtue—who wonder of Drieu la Rochelle, "Why did a nice French boy like you ever become a fascist?"—should be warned that precious few of France's literary fascists were nice French boys. Some insight in Drieu's case can be gained from his 1934 novel *La Comédie de Charleroi*. The story is told in the first person by a veteran of the Great War disillusioned by postwar France and convinced that the country is weak, mediocre, and exhausted. He says, "It's no fun being French; since the time of my birth in this country I haven't had a single happy moment." The book is revealing of the despair that seized the whole country in those years, and also, as is so often the case, of the tendency of those who despair of their own country to attribute virility and vitality to its enemy—in this case, Nazi Germany.

Will-o'-the-Wisp is aptly titled, as Drieu flitted from poetry to the Surrealists, from Communism to *Action Française*—but always convinced that France was sinking, unsavable. He was a great philanderer, alternating between wives of wealthy industrialists and vast numbers of common prostitutes—with whom he felt more at ease but who gave him syphilis. In his last years this left him impotent.

The notion that Drieu was some kind of serious political thinker is hard to sustain if one reads his intimate *Journal*, which was published only four years ago. In the middle of the war he thought Britain was likely to make peace with Germany and attack Russia, Japan, and then the United States. (I repeat: Britain might attack the United States.) He also had a vision of Hitler forming an alliance with the Jews.



Hollywood and Hitler? Hitler and Hollywood? Unbeatable! He had another idea for the Jews: deport them all to Madagascar, where they would form a cozy Jewish colony of the French empire. Drieu was quite obsessed with Jews, and, although his first wife and many of his mistresses were Jewish, his *Journal* positively explodes with the most vicious anti-Semitism. Nor was he consistent in his admiration for the Nazis. When they suffered a military reversal they were "cowardly sneaky liberals." When they triumphed they were "the last rampart of liberty in Europe."

Very cowardly as a boy, Drieu became intoxicated with the aggressive energy and power of the new Nazi state. "And then all of a sudden there was fascism!" he wrote. "Everything was possible again! Oh, how my heart swelled!" The Nazis were "not ruthless enough," however, "not bloody enough," "too timid." Their ascendancy would have been assured by more "cold-blooded acts of violence."

Along with Drieu, the most prominent of France's self-declared fascist essayists and novelists before World War II—and the most visible of collaborators during the Nazi Occupation—was an unusually bright young writer named Robert Brasillach. From the age of only 22 he wrote the principal literary column of *Action Française*. At 28 he also became editor-in-chief of the nationalist, fascist, anti-Semitic weekly *Je Suis Partout*. And at 36, soon after the Liberation, he was tried for treason and executed. But Brasillach is in a sense the model for French literary fascism, for he most clearly transformed Charles Maurras's monarchist, classical aesthetics into an explicitly modern, fascist mode, writing with feeling that the Nazi Party's rallies in Nuremberg "are the highest artistic creations of our time." For if Céline and Drieu were more powerful writers, Brasillach was the great ideologue of literary fascism. It could be argued on Brasillach's behalf that, for him, fascism was at its most profound level an aesthetic experience. At its root, it was a feeling of unity, of being unified both with one's immediate group and with one's nation.

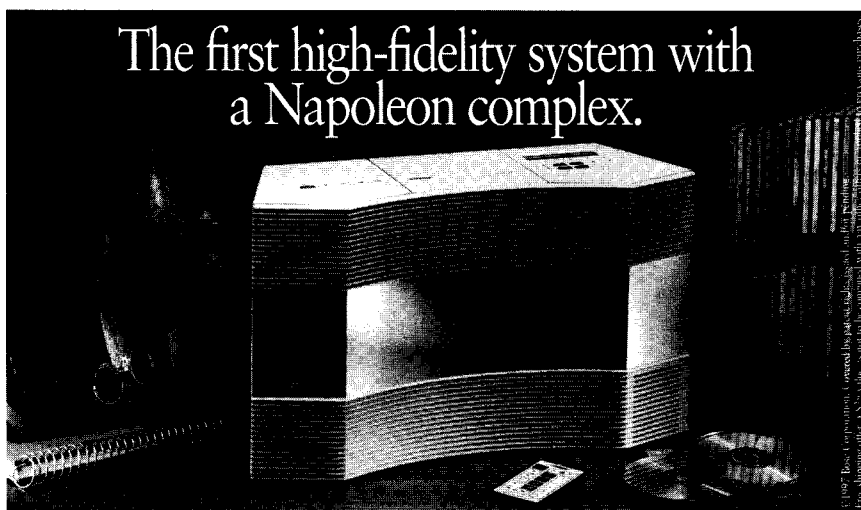
"A youth camp at night," he wrote, "the impression of merging one's body with one's entire nation, a totalitarian celebration, these are the elements of fascist poetry." Not only, he felt, were such experiences—of youth and the outdoors, of collectivity, of scouting, armies, sports teams, youth camps, songs, and marches—central to the creation of the "new fascist man," but they also produced a feeling of intense joy. In his *Introduction to the Fascist Spirit*, something of a fascist credo, Brasillach focused on what he called the "new human type" created by fascism, and on the inability of its adversaries to understand "fascist joy." "The young fascist," wrote Brasillach, "supported by his race and his nation, proud of his vigorous body and his lucid mind, scornful of the abundant goods of the world, the young fascist in his camp, with his comrades in peace who can become his comrades in war, the young fascist who sings, who

marches, who works, who dreams, is above all a joyous being."

Of course the writers and artists of France were not the only representatives of their calling who were drawn to fascism. Equally brilliant peers of theirs in Italy, Britain, and Ireland rallied to the Nazi cause. The debate as to what attracted them has been going on for decades. Among such celebrated intellectual leaders there was considerable variety of temperament, although many were of a morbid disposition. Almost all showed signs of being ill at ease in the modern world, and while some wished to return to a pure, pre-industrial society, even more dreamed of a shining world to come, incorporating the material advantages of today with a vision of a new social harmony.

After the slaughter of the Great War and the civil strife of the 1920s and 1930s, fascism seemed to offer a stable society ruled by a charismatic leader, who, opposing Communism while resisting decadence, would by his very personality guarantee a serene and manly peace. The malevolent aspect of this romantic fascism was apparently not much in evidence to most of its literary adepts, people with great artistic gifts who showed no better judgment in political affairs, often worse, than the ordinary run of mankind.

Strange as it might seem today, fascism gave hope to millions of Frenchmen, artists and non-artists alike. Until lately, the part that France took in turning that "hope" into a reality was kept below the surface of French cultural memory. Now that it has begun to break free, there are those who fervently wish that interest in the subject would pass. But it will not pass. □



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The Eye and I

JEFFREY HART

LET us begin by praising Alfred Kazin. Now in his eighties, he has lived long with books, and literature matters greatly to him. All that he has written since *On Native Ground* (1942) testifies to that. Today, if you drop in on an English-literature class, you are likely to hear a lecture on kinky sex, amateur epistemology, Marx-

God and the American Writer, by Alfred Kazin (Knopf, 259 pp., \$25)

ism, racial oppression, the Third World, or the atom bomb. What a relief to turn to Mr. Kazin.

In the present volume, he has chapters on a dozen American writers who matter: Hawthorne, Emerson, Melville, Whitman, Lincoln, Dickinson, William James, Mark Twain, T. S. Eliot, Frost, Faulkner—and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who matters historically. He has things to say about many other writers along the way. His organizing question here is: What did each of these writers believe about God? What we get, broadly speaking, and with the signal exception of T. S. Eliot, is a religious landscape very late in the history of the Reformation.

The Protestant principle, as Matthew Arnold said, is individual judgment. The exercising of individual judgments led first to great religious fissures, then to the multiplication of sects, and finally to the ultimate sect—that is, the individual human being on his own, at once the preacher and the congregation, who allows himself to be overheard by an audience outside his sect of one. This church of one leads quite naturally to problems with form. Form is a restriction and not welcomed by the Imperial Self of late Protestantism.

It is not surprising that the sect of one produced extraordinary garrulousness. Mr. Kazin deals, of course, with Whitman, whose many luminous passages he rightly admires, but who did not know (Mr. Kazin doesn't stress this) when he was great and when he was just

a windbag. Other sects of one include William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound. Such poets cannot stop talking. Who is to confine individual judgment, that Protestant absolute? If Pound equally honors the economics of C. H. Douglas and the poetry of Cavalcanti, well, that has to be fine, because he said it, and he is the final authority in his sect of one.

Emerson was a stunningly gifted writer, but also believed that he himself was the Cosmos. He internalized the All, and spoke confidently from the perspective of that authority. The cosmic Eye was I. His orphic sentences, though they often seem highly challengeable, march along as if they were self-validating. One sentence does not even follow from the preceding one, and no need is felt for argumentation or evidence. Each sentence is true because he, the Cosmos itself, said it. By all accounts he was a helluva lecturer, serene, radiant, certain, inspired.

Of course some of these writers did have individual techniques of control: Hawthorne's distancing and cool syntax, Dickinson's deliberate solitude, Frost's skeptical edge, and so on.

Mr. Kazin's approach has its own problems. He wishes to answer his question about God and these writers



and, more broadly, deliver or sum up each writer's world view. But the writing itself keeps jumping out of the box he is trying to construct for it, and this leads him to much mangling of the texts. For example, he wishes to say that Frost was this-worldly, a poet of the here and now, not transcendental. This leads Mr. Kazin to botch his reading of the major poem "Birches." He cites what he calls its great line: "Earth's the right place for love." But he does not consider what follows immediately after that: "I don't know where it's likely to go better." Frost is more complicated than Mr. Kazin wants him to be. Frost very carefully does not reject the possibility of a love that is not of this earth. He just does not "know" where it's "likely" to go better. He does want to swing on that birch "toward" Heaven. Indeed, the "pathless wood" he

is in deliberately recalls and plays off Dante's "dark wood" at the beginning of the *Inferno*. Mr. Kazin also misreads "Stopping by Woods" and much else in Frost, and in other writers.

In Eliot he rightly admires much in the poetry, especially the Cape Ann and river passages, where he perhaps excels Whitman. When important passages in Eliot do not appeal to Mr. Kazin however, he just quits: The "religious" warnings of dissolution ending *The Waste Land* in thunder meant less to Eliot's admirers than to him." What? Those lines are of great importance to Eliot's subsequent poetry. What kind of "admirers" are we talking about?

Mr. Kazin does not seem to see the large problem posed by his subject, the late history of Protestantism. The Reformation was utopian, and it became, in Dryden's phrase, a "downhill Refor-

Under the influence of the Imperial Self of late Protestantism, some American writers resented the idea of form, with its accompanying restrictions. Whitman, for instance, could be quite a windbag.

mation" because in due course the individual person whose judgment was the basis of Protestantism did not do the hard intellectual work necessary to make responsible judgments. Luther, Calvin, and Wesley would have been horrified to think that their followers would forget the key Biblical texts, remain ignorant of the strong evidence and arguments for Biblical truth—become so bemused, for instance, as to think Darwin and paleontology constituted a threat to Genesis 1, or even think the six days of creation were 24-hour solar days (when the sun was not created until the third day)—and not even know, much less refute, I Corinthians 15. The individual person whose judgment was projected as the basis of Protestantism merely heard that someone, somewhere—Darwin? T. H. Huxley? H. L. Mencken?—had refuted all the argu-

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ments and ruled out the evidence. Thus emerged a new style of unconvincing preaching, either depending upon vehemence and enthusiasm or else sinking into mere secular politics—a far cry from the tightly reasoned sermons of, for example, Wesley or Newman.

Among the writers Mr. Kazin considers here, Eliot is singular because his journey is away from the downhill Reformation and the Imperial Self and toward a community of knowledge that has its source in history:

*And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already
been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men
whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no
competition—
There is only the fight to recover what
has been lost
And found and lost again and
again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious.*

Eliot is willing to work with “colleagues.” The Imperial Self has only one colleague.

That is the outline of Eliot’s “position.” Mr. Kazin suggests that it proceeded from personal weakness and a search for authority. Be that as it may, his position was mainstream in the West until, comparatively, yesterday.

As a matter of fact, nothing changed

yesterday. The arguments are the same, the evidence is the same as, or better than, what was available to, say, Richard Hooker. If it is true, as Mr. Kazin says, that for “the intellectual leaders of American society a deeply personal belief in God is tolerated as harmlessly personal, like a taste in food or a loyalty to the Red Sox,” then this—even if true—is mere philistinism. The job of the intellect is to trouble the complacency of philistines and provincials.

There is more than a touch of the philistine about Mr. Kazin himself, notably in asides he throws off, such as describing the pioneers as “white male Protestants with theologies at the ready like their rifles.” He is glad that Faulkner was not a believer, in view of the current “shallowness and aggressiveness of public religion in the service of hard-Right politics,” and he gives it as his curbstone opinion that “moral leadership from the White House on the race question seems to have died” with Lincoln. Mr. Kazin places the following items in syntactical equality: “Auschwitz . . . the Gulag . . . American ‘wasting’ of peasant hamlets in Vietnam.”

These vulgarities and absurdities no doubt are meant to reassure philistines that old Al’s heart is in the right (left) place, but, really, who cares? What remains valuable in Mr. Kazin is his decades-long conviction that poems and stories are valuable objects. □

Jefferson in Minnesota

E. V. KONTOROVICH

THOMAS Jefferson’s ideal of democratic virtue, the yeoman farmer, is alive and well and living in Lake Wobegon. Jefferson argued that the Republic could not long survive without the common-sense morality of small landholders, whose moderation

Wobegon Boy, by Garrison Keillor
(Viking, 305 pp., \$24.95)

and literally down-to-earth attitude provides the necessary counterpoint to the avaricious urban merchants and speculators. *Wobegon Boy*, Garrison Keillor’s latest tale of the imaginary Minnesota town of Lake Wobegon, certainly suggests that the antidote to self-absorption, self-pity, and other manifestations

of the 12-step society can be found among the unpretentious Norwegian townsmen of the place he has made famous through his vastly popular weekly program on National Public Radio, *A Prairie Home Companion*.

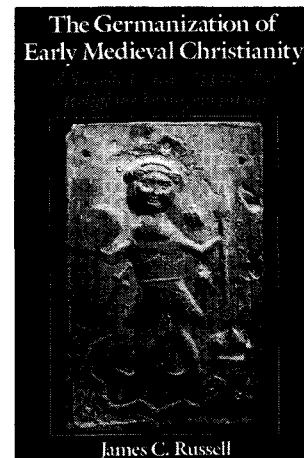
The novel itself is a welcome antidote to the current literary vogue, in which descriptions of small-town life center on wife-beaters in trailer parks, bastards with guns, and drunken uncles who grope their nieces. Keillor certainly does not idolize the lives led in such places: his current hero, John Toffelson, escaped Wobegon at his first opportunity, and visits with reluctance. But the

Mr. Kontorovich is a member of the editorial board of the New York Post.

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better parts of the Wobegonian philosophy live on in him when he moves to upstate New York to start a radio station at a liberal-arts college favored by the "financially gifted parents of academically challenged students."

The creed is simple. It is, in its entirety: Cheer up. Make yourself useful. Mind your manners. And, above all, Don't feel sorry for yourself. In Wobegon, people know better than to blame amorphous, abstract forces for their hardships. "Winter is not a personal experience," Keillor writes with aphoristic succinctness. And it really does take a village, not a federal bureaucracy, to raise a child: "You didn't smart off to your elders, and if a lady you didn't know came by and told you to blow your nose, you blew it."

Toffelson is given many opportunities to live up to the Minnesotan mantra. The love of his life balks at his marriage proposals, his father dies, his hippie business partner cons him out of a small fortune. The best parts of the book chronicle his travails in the sanctimonious world of public radio, where airwaves once devoted to the dissemination of a humanizing culture are increasingly dominated by dreary documentaries on menopause and the dangers of amalgam fillings. The new dean demands that the college station, which broadcasts only classical music, devote more time to "the aims and aspirations of the minorities and disadvantaged," and isn't impressed with the view that Chopin says something about universal aspirations.

When the dean finds out that Third Worlders haven't written much in the way of symphonies, he pushes Toffelson to scrap music altogether in favor of an all-talk format. In the midst of this, a joke Toffelson tells at a dinner party at his home provokes a charge of sexual harassment by an anonymous informer. Needless to say, the college is only too happy to side with the humorless complainant.

Unwittingly drafted into the culture wars, Toffelson turns his thoughts back to Wobegon. He recalls stories about his idiosyncratic former neighbors and his huge extended family. These long digressions, often quirky and surreal, are some of the funniest bits of the book. They are the seasoning to a very simple base—a love story set amidst adversity. Keillor has shown us these

characters before, but now they serve to tease out a major polarity among Midwesterners, a division as profound as

*Garrison Keillor's
humor is like Mark
Twain's: misanthropic
but not heavy-handed,
light but not fluffy.*

that between fire and water: the Cheerful Lutherans versus the Gloomy Lutherans.

Both are polite and proper in their conduct. But after a hard day's work, the Cheerful Lutherans believe in having a few beers and dancing the polka. Wobegonians understand that the desire to outdo one's neighbor, striving for fame and wealth, cannot satisfy the soul. So instead, they mine the quiet joy and majesty contained in everyday life.

Even simple pleasures are sinful pleasures for the Dark Lutherans. They are pietists, and the shallow sentimentality of their devotion, the hollow concern for their neighbors' souls, is little different from the shallow sentimentality of, say, *All Things Considered*, with its manufactured concern for the Costa Rican rain forest. These brooding Lutherans suppress every spontaneous celebration of the spirit: no singing, no drinking, no danc-

ing. And they certainly wouldn't smile at the joke that gets Toffelson into trouble.

So the son of Wobegon confronts the priests of Political Correctness confidently. He has seen their kind before: they are the spiritual descendants of the Gloomy Lutherans. Toffelson's lineage contains both strains, but he rejects the Dark side. He lives out the Wobegonian creed—even at the most trying moments, he skirts around the poppy fields of self-pity. Finding happiness in romance, family, and music, he shields himself from the slings and arrows. Even his enemies are not despised: knowing the greyness of Dark Lutheran life, he understands that they are less happy than he.

Toffelson's cheerfulness reflects the tone of Keillor's writing. He laughs at Wobegonians with obvious affection: their foibles are all in the family. His gibes at others can be quite severe. The kid gloves come off when he attacks liberal Protestant churches, New Agers, talk-radio types, militant feminists, and the like. Keillor's descriptions of these types are deadly accurate, but the humor never gets nasty. The objects of his merrymaking are funny because they are absurdly wrong; and because they're wrong, they can be dealt with as an amusing diversion. The *Good Life* is the only thing worth taking seriously. The result is a humor much like Mark Twain's: misanthropic but not heavy-handed, light but not fluffy. *Wobegon Boy* remains hilarious throughout: the reader will smile for as long as it takes him to read three hundred pages. □



Professor, Tell Us a Story

MARK MILLER

IN the 1930s and '40s, advocates of "legal realism" argued that there were no objective principles constraining judges' decisions. A few dec-

Beyond All Reason: The Radical Assault on Truth in American Law, by Daniel A. Farber and Suzanna Sherry (Oxford, 192 pp., \$25)

ades later, in the 1970s, theorists of "critical legal studies" used this what-the-judge-had-for-breakfast argument—they called it "indeterminacy"—to cri-

tique such classical liberal concepts as individual rights. Now, in the 1990s, a group of legal scholars whom Daniel Farber and Suzanna Sherry call "radical multiculturalists" is using the same indeterminacy thesis to show that the very foundations of Western rationality are evil to the core.

Everywhere else the Left is intellectually exhausted, but in the law schools radical multiculturalism is in the ascen-

Mr. Miller is a law student at Georgetown University.

dant. Its thinking increasingly fills the pages of law reviews, just as its advocates fill the faculties of law schools (including my own, which harbors a disproportionate number of the theo-

*Derrick Bell tells
a 'story' in which
space travelers offer
earthlings untold
riches in exchange
for surrendering
every black person.*

rists discussed by the authors). And, by virtue of this presence, it promises to influence the next generation of lawyers and judges as well.

The radical multiculturalists have picked up from legal realism the habit of thinking that law is all about social engineering and from Foucault the idea that it's all about power. For the radicals—who include critical race theorists, critical gender theorists, and “gay-legal” scholars—law is society's way of camouflaging the oppression of racial and sexual minorities.

For them all reality is “socially constructed,” and the most important institutions of human society are devised to perpetuate existing hierarchies of power. Law, of course, is an important element in the way this reality is constructed because it defines relationships among people. But because it reinforces existing power relationships, which are racist and sexist, the law as it stands is a tool of oppression.

If everything is merely an artificial construct, then it follows that truth is artificial as well. Truth is “contingent” upon who is doing the talking, and it is therefore “indeterminate.” Furthermore, truth isn't testable through reason, because reason always favors the “truth” of the existing power structure. The only real way of getting at truth is through the prism of racial, gender, or other group experience.

The radicals have developed their own style of legal writing—which they call, remarkably, “storytelling”—that incorporates these group experiences with a greater or lesser degree of theoretical overlay. Part therapy, part Mau-Mauing

power grab, its strategy is to narrate painful experiences in order to make points about how the law fosters oppression and needs to be changed.

The key to storytelling is authenticity of group identity, and with enough of it a writer need not feel constrained by facts, logic, or even actual experience. And this mode allows the author, as omniscient narrator, to impose whatever interpretation on events he or she chooses, no matter how improbable or unfair. Derrick Bell's “The Space Traders” is a perfect example of the form. Bell imagines space travelers offering earthlings untold riches in exchange for surrendering every black person. The Jewish community organizes resistance to the proposal, but, in Bell's telling, their motives aren't humanitarian, they're racist: the Jews simply need to have another group below them on the social hierarchy.

THIS multiculturalist fun house is vulnerable to assault on a number of fronts, but Daniel Farber and Suzanna Sherry, both law professors at the University of Minnesota, leave it to others to detail the logical and philosophical flaws in the radicals' views. The authors stick to a single line of attack familiar in legal reasoning: Taken to its extreme, where will the principle lead us? They argue persuasively that radical multiculturalism leads fairly surely to totalitarianism. (Indeed, the radicals seem deaf to the frequent Orwellian echoes in their own writing.) What's more, as the authors argue in great detail, the radicals' critique of merit entails anti-Semitic and anti-Asian conclusions that call into question the sincerity of their views about oppression and equality.

Although it is encouraging to read such a forthright attack on the Left

coming from centrist academics, the authors' analysis demonstrates how middle-of-the-roadism can't effectively contend with a fundamentally radical critique of truth and reason such as the multiculturalists have mounted.

The real issue for the radicals is power; Professors Farber and Sherry point this out, but they fail to recognize the implications of that insight. Instead of concluding the book with a vigorous defense of rationality or a debunking of radical multiculturalism on its own terms, they merely express the wan hope that some common ground with the radicals can be found, that “dialogue” can take place. Such naïveté shows that the authors fail to see that the radicals' position, by definition, has no limiting principle that would make common ground possible. The radicals thrive on polarization, and they condemn any search for common ground as the product of false consciousness, tacit surrender to the dominant power, or Uncle Tom-ism. The entire structure of their integrated world view brooks no dissent. And, like rebellious teenagers, they like to shock their parents.

In this regard, Professors Farber and Sherry also overlook another explanation for the continuing popularity of radical multiculturalism in the law schools. Engaging in “storytelling” is a lot less work than the rigorous discipline needed to conduct serious legal research; but it also allows a kind of moral grandstanding that will never be available to the traditional legal scholar. It provides a forum for academic self-indulgence. It lets you strike a pose.

This kind of self-indulgence is bad enough in English departments. But what you might call “applied radical multiculturalism” is already affecting outcomes in real-life litigation across the country. During the O. J. Simpson



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trial, we saw what happens when media-savvy criminal-defense lawyers invoke racial solidarity in front of juries. And in only a couple of years, this tactic has become a standard in the repertoire of the plaintiffs' bar in product-liability and other civil cases.

If the real issue in the debate with the radical multiculturalists is power, then

they have not explained convincingly why those who have it should hand it over to them. Nor have they explained how, were such a transfer of power to take place, they would use it to make society better than it is now. Until they do, which seems unlikely, the caves of our benighted, socially constructed reality will have to suffice. □

FILM

Winged Victory

JOHN SIMON

I HAVE always had problems with Henry James. Good Henry James strikes me as inferior Marcel Proust, and bad Henry James as not worth pursuing down its labyrinthine ways. But our concern here is with James on film. There the high points were the rather free adaptation of *Washington Square* as *The Heiress* (1949) and the no less free version of *The Turn of the Screw* as *The Innocents* (1961). The several others are not worth mentioning, least of all Jane Campion's odious *Portrait of a Lady*, whose opening sequence alone is enough to turn a Jacobite into a Jacobin. The current remake of *Washington Square*, as reviewed here (Nov. 10), does not wash either.

Now, however, comes *The Wings of the Dove*, which, for the aforementioned reasons, I have been unable to read, but which, on screen, proves a rare delight.

James readers inform me of oversimplifications, omissions, and crude additions; still, even they concede that Iain Softley's film, with a screenplay by Hossein Amini, is a notable achievement. To be sure, anyone can find some flaws here; how, for instance, does the impecunious journalist Merton Densher manage to leave London and his job for a protracted, nonworking stay in Venice? Some changes result from the filmmakers' updating the action by a decade, but those strike me as altogether to the good.

So, in the film's dazzling opening sequences a young man sees a young woman on the crowded London Underground, approaches her, and seems to

start a flirtation with her. It is unclear whether they know each other or not. Soon they are descending in a lift into which the fellow has followed the seemingly fleeing girl. On the way down, she remains aloof; in the next shot, on the way up, the two are in a passionate clinch. Thus retold, this may not sound like much, but against the background of a quaint-looking subway, with two apparently proper Victorians behaving so turbulently, and with consecutive sequences in rapidly switching directions, a teasing suspense is created, complete with elevator-like frissons running up and down one's spine.

The lady in question is Kate Croy, being brought up by her affluent and calculating Aunt Maude (Charlotte Rampling, and excellent) to be a prosperous society lady, unlike her sorry wretch of a widowed father. The young man is Merton Densher, with whom Kate is having it on. They would marry, but the girl is mercenary enough to be seduced by her aunt's ultimatum to give up the penniless Densher and marry upward.

Besides the subway, there is the telephone, exuding its non-Jamesian but fascinating novelty—a sense of intrigue, whose predestined tool it is. So, too, the new prevalence of electricity, promising a more conquerable world, and the revolutionized women's fashions, less confining and more enticing, adding to the sense of freedom and modernity. Sandy Powell, the costume designer, has wisely followed the period designs of the great Mariano Fortuny.

There arrives in London a young

American heiress, Millie Theale, pretty and loaded. She and Kate become friends and, before you know it, the two of them and Merton are frolicking around Venice together. Having found out that Millie is mortally ill, Kate goes back to London, to let Millie have at least one love affair in her life—with Merton. Then she would leave her money to him, and he and Kate could wed wealthily. Needless to say, things don't quite work out like that, although the movie does leave the ending a trifle fuzzy.

What is wonderful here is the contrast between London and Venice and their lifestyles. The film manages to make the two of them vividly, differently real. Especially remarkable is the Venice that Softley and his cinematographer, Eduardo Serra, have conjured up. Although some of the locales are the obvious

*Good Henry James
strikes me as inferior
Marcel Proust,
and bad Henry
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labyrinthine ways.*

ones, they are shot in unusual weather or at atypical times of day or night. The result is not a burbling sunny Venice, as in David Lean's lush *Summertime*, but an ordinary, everyday city with sullen moods, rowdy goings-on, disquieting crannies. Nevertheless, a Venice whose essence intoxicates.

It is nice that, for the interiors of Millie's rented abode, the filmmakers could secure the very Palazzo Leporelli (a/k/a Barbaro) where James spent many months. More important, they show us less trodden byways, as well as some phantasmagoric revels, with a casual candor that lets the poetic jut out, almost unbidden, from the quotidian. Against this setting, the curious trio of principals stands out vulnerable, confused, adrift. It is superlatively enacted by Helena Bonham Carter (Kate) and Linus Roache (Merton), and somewhat less well by Alison Elliott (Millie). Miss Elliott, so good in *The Spitfire Grill*, is here a little too bland, unable to convey



Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

The Bermuda Triangle-Sun

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By Sandi Beech

NORTH POLE, Nov. 20—In a startling development that has shocked the world-wide retail industry, as well as toy, gift, and fruitcake manufacturers, Kris Kringle today recommended the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* as "the best gift anyone can give" this Holiday.

The announcement came at a press briefing at Mr. Kringle's North Pole headquarters.

Surrounded by elves singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Cruisemas," Mr. Kringle declared that *NR's* forthcoming voyage to Bermuda would make the premier present to "loved ones, special someones, and even the entire family." Mr. Kringle denied charges that his bombshell endorsement was a ploy to "lighten his load" on December 25th.

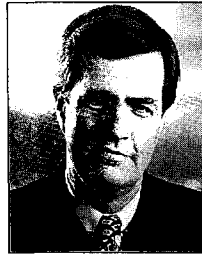
"Nonsense," the jolly Mr. Kringle said, his belly shaking. "Can you imagine someone getting a better gift than the chance to travel with *National Review's* editors and special guests on the *Zenith*? The only thing that comes close," said Mr. Kringle, "is a gift subscription to *NR*. Of



Robert Bork



Dinesh D'Souza



Brit Hume



Ward Connerly



Mona Charen



John Leo



Brent Bozell



Kate O'Beirne



John O'Sullivan



William Rusher

course, if I really cared about someone, I'd give them both the cruise and an *NR* gift subscription." Mr. Kringle also confirmed rumors that he attended *NR's* recent Alaska cruise ("incognito, of course; it was a marvelous affair").

The news of Santa's endorsement for the Bermuda trip "was an incredible surprise," said an *NR* Office of Cruise Affairs staffer. "Mr. Kringle is right: the cruise would make a great gift for that hard-to-shop-for loved one who already has everything."

Officials also announced that sales for the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* are "non-stop." Over 85 cabins have been reserved for the voyage, with "more orders coming in every day."

The *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* is scheduled for May 23-30, 1998, aboard the *Zenith*, the stunning vessel labeled "indisputably gracious, airy, and comfortable" by Fodor's *Worldwide Cruises*. "Headlining" the cruise will be *NR's* John O'Sullivan and Kate O'Beirne, Judge Robert Bork, author Dinesh D'Souza, FOX News' Brit Hume, California "Proposition 209" champion

Ward Connerly, *U.S. News & World Report* columnist John Leo, syndicated columnist Mona Charen, former *NR* Publisher William Rusher, and Media Research Center founder Brent Bozell.

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As usual, "single" cabins are available, and if you wish to "share" a cabin with another person, *NR* will gladly play matchmaker and try to set you up with another right-minded "fellow traveler" (if you'll pardon that expression).

To get your FREE copy of the *National Review 1998 Bermuda Cruise* Information Kit, call *NR's* new toll-free number: 1-888-335-4001 (before the cabin of your choice is gone!). Until next time, this has been Sandi Beech, *National Review* Cruise Correspondent for *The Bermuda Triangle-Sun*.



Kris Kringle

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the doom that Millie carries within. Elizabeth McGovern does little for her friend Susan; but Alex Jennings gets the most out of the fortune-hunting Lord Mark, and Michael Gambon, good always (and only) in repellent roles, scores as Kate's father.

The amazing thing is that Iain Softley, known hitherto chiefly for his adroit film about the early days of the Beatles, *Backbeat*, should have tackled *Wings of the Dove* at all, and then come up a winner. His scenarist, Hossein Amini (who also did well by Thomas Hardy on the underrated *Jude*), deserves equal credit. What the film lacks is the convolutions and impotence that characterize Henry James, which suits me fine. I only wish there were not so much of Ed Shearmur's music on the soundtrack: a few measures less would have helped immeasurably.

■ Uncomprehending reviews may have harmed *Beaumarchais*, Edouard Molino's charming film about the adventures of the creator of Figaro, which he co-wrote with Jean-Claude Brisville, leaning on an unfinished manuscript by the great Sacha Guitry. I have no idea exactly who contributed what, or how much of it is factual (a good deal is) and how much invented, but I assure you this is a thinking man's swashbuckler, a funlover's history lesson, and everybody's civilized entertainment.

Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-99) started out as a watchmaker and eventually became music-master to Louis XV's children. He married into wealth but, widowed, lost the fortune; made money again through various speculations, and landed in jail several times. The movie follows him through amorous escapades, his famous lawsuits, and his career in the secret service. He supported the Americans in their war of liberation out of his own pocket, and was a friend to Ben Franklin (whom the movie portrays too grossly); he also fought for the financial rights of authors, published a definitive edition of Voltaire's works (on which, as on the Americans, he lost money), and just barely managed to survive the Terror, even though his brevet of nobility was purchased, and the very name "Beaumarchais" was a fabrication.

Not all of this is in the movie, but many things are: the love life, the intrigues, and the play-writing Beaumar-

chais practiced in his spare time, *The Barber of Seville* and *Figaro's Marriage* proving masterpieces. What is outstanding is the light, trenchantly witty, literate dialogue, much of it, alas, lost in the subtitles. The gifted Fabrice Luchini would be an even finer Beaumarchais if he could curb that quizzical smirk of his, and it would help if Sandrine Kiberlain, the leading lady, were more attractive.

But Michel Serrault, in the cameo role

of Louis XV, is nothing short of sublime, and any number of famous or less-well-known others are not far behind. Especially fascinating is Claire Nebout as the Chevalier d'Eon, an adventurer who may well have been an adventuress. Most engaging, too, is Manuel Blanc, as the hero's friend and factotum. What matters about *Beaumarchais* is the wit, the intelligence, the imagination suffusing every frame; of how many movies today can you affirm that? □

TRAVEL

Paris, Apartment-Style

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

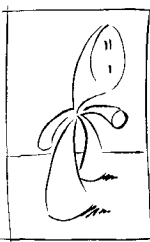
I AWAKE to a pleasing gurgle from the coffee machine and the tantalizing aroma of a fresh croissant heating up. A cool breeze blows across the dining room through tall French windows. This spring, on a two-and-a-half-week visit to Paris, my sister Jane and I had rented an apartment on the Rue du Cherche-Midi in the sixth arrondissement, just off the Boulevard Montparnasse. We bought the croissants late yesterday afternoon as we walked home from the Duroc métro station. The coffee maker was primed last night. The first one up in the morning will switch it on. When depends on when we wake up; we have no set schedule. This is a vacation that will plan itself according to the weather and our mood.

An apartment gives you a freedom of movement that is unknown in the swankiest of hotels; and swanky hotels in Paris, and even unswanky hotels in Paris, cost *un bras et une jambe* these days. For years Jane and I had stayed at a small hotel just off the Boulevard St. Germain, from the days when it was shabby and unpretentious through its modernization phase, during which the nightly tab, which included breakfast, had gone in stages from \$65 to \$125. But the last time we checked it, it cost \$450 a night (plus breakfast), which is not the way we like to spend our money in the gastronomic capital of the world.

One day, in the travel section of the

Sunday *New York Times*, a small ad for Paris apartments caught my eye. I called and by return mail received a catalogue from a California outfit called Chez Vous, one of a dozen or so firms that rent apartments in both Paris and London on short-term leases to people who want the freedom and space (and budget advantages) that your own digs can provide. A young friend, for instance, works in an agency in Paris that specializes in finding apartments for visiting musicians, dancers, and singers. You see ads in the métro for vacation rentals, presumably when the Parisian owners are in the country or at the beach. My two experiences happen to have been with Chez Vous (1001 Bridgeway, Suite 245, Sausalito, Calif. 94965; telephone: 415-331-2535), which has the signal virtue of being run by Americans for Americans. It caters to a clientele that expects lights to be bright enough to read by, water to run both hot and cold, and washing machines and dishwashers (rare in Paris apartments) not only to be there but also to work.

Chez Vous's beautifully written and illustrated brochure offers nearly fifty apartments in Paris. Almost all of them are in the popular Left Bank fifth, sixth, and seventh arrondissements, but there are also flats in the Marais, one on the historic Place des Vosges, and two or three on the exclusive, but not all that convenient, Ile St. Louis, near Notre Dame and the Ile de la Cité. The brochure describes each apartment in detail, stressing how many people it will accommodate. (All Chez Vous's apart-



Miss Buckley is a senior editor at NR.

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NR1197

ments have sofas that can be made into beds.) The apartments run from studio to lavish three- and four-bedroom units. You are told everything you want to know: whether they have dishwashers and washing machines, whether they have elevators or you will have to leg it, whether the toilet is separate from the bathroom—that kind of information. Ours this time had two small double bedrooms, a large dining room/living room area with parquet floors, beautiful molding on the ceiling, and two (decorative) fireplaces. Some of the paintings you might not have chosen yourself, but it's a far cry from motel art. Both the apartments we have rented were comfortable but not elegant.

Chez Vous takes long-term leases on its apartments because it must make sizable investments in furniture and appliances. (French beds are shorter and narrower than American beds, and must be replaced.) Our place this time, "Caprice," has a dishwasher, washing machine, coffee maker, toaster, electronic orange juicer, and (tiny) microwave oven, features not found in the ordinary Paris apartment.

Sharyl Repert and her husband started Chez Vous eighteen years ago, but the business really caught on ten years back when the dollar was low and Paris hotel prices had started on their dizzy upward spiral. Mrs. Repert says she may hear of three hundred apartments a year but come up with only ten usable ones, either because the others are in the wrong areas (no one wants to be in the 13th or 14th arrondissement), because there's no market for a fourth-floor flat in an elevator-less building, or because the floor plans are "simply too wacky" to be worth bothering about. Who are her clients? People like me who have lived in Paris and are hopelessly in love

with France, which is easy, and with the French, which is harder, but also young couples with children who find greater freedom in an apartment than in a hotel.

You can take an apartment for as little as three nights or as long as you want. The rents run from \$1,000-plus a week for a studio or one-bedroom up to nearly \$3,000 a week for a lavish four-bedroom spread. There is a slight price break if you take an apartment for two or three weeks. In addition you can pay a hefty but not outrageous price for

*The owner of a small
Italian restaurant
rushes out wearing
a many-colored
Mad Hatter's hat and
assures us that this
is the best Italian
restaurant in Paris.*

linens, telephone, and maid service. (We had a maid in for two hours once a week to change the linen, vacuum, etc. She also ran our first wash and instructed us on the intricacies of French washing machines.)

When your final payment has been received, Chez Vous sends you an "Arrival Details" sheet which, once again, has all the information you need—starting with the telephone number of Esprit de Paris, Chez Vous's Paris office, so that you can call the minute you land at Charles de Gaulle airport and be assured that someone, preferably the obliging and efficient Chris, will be at the door to let you in and explain how things work. The arrival sheet also includes a map of the local area with your street conveniently highlighted, and it tells you your telephone number and "code." Gone is that snooping scourge of fact and fiction, the Paris concierge. She has been replaced by a panel at the front door on which you punch a code to get in; ours was 19B05.

The Montparnasse neighborhood, so popular in the Twenties when Hemingway and Fitzgerald frequented La Coupole and the Café Dôme (Sinclair Lewis called the Dôme "the perfectly stand-

ardized place to which standardized rebels flee from the crushing standardization of America"), is now a backwater, the Left Bank tourist tide having receded to St. Germain and the Latin Quarter. But that makes it all the nicer. This is a *quartier*, not a tourist trap.

WALKING up a side street one evening, home from an excursion to Montmartre, we come across a small Italian restaurant. The owner rushes out wearing a many-colored Mad Hatter's hat and assures us that this is the best Italian restaurant in Paris; its pasta is made fresh every day. His sentiments are echoed by the chef, who emerges from the tiny kitchen wearing a jester's bonnet with its bells ting-a-linging. We are charmed and dine there that evening, feasting on a splendid fettuccine carbonara, so delicious that we return a week later.

The greengrocer on the corner waves to us as we pass, we and she having failed to figure out what nutmeg would be in French, but having established a rapport in the course of the discussion, into which other shoppers had joined with suggestions more hopeful than helpful. Beside her produce, colorfully arrayed out front, is a chalkboard on which is scribbled not only the price per kilo, but also the provenance of the vegetables and fruit: melons (Morocco), tomatoes (Spain), onions (Provence).

The Brasserie François Coppel, a block away on the Boulevard Montparnasse, is anything but fancy, but you would be hard put to find a better *escalope de veau nature, pommes frites, et haricots verts* in many a pricier and fancier restaurant. The waitress greets us like old friends.

After packing our bags on this our last, and consequently sad, night in Paris, we eat there because it is near, and because the food is good, the service swift, and the welcome so engagingly warm. Walking home at nine-ish that beautiful cool spring evening—it's still light at that hour in Paris—we pause to examine a brass plaque outside a small house. No, Balzac did not live here briefly. Nor is this the home of a famous French publishing house. The plaque informs the passersby, and presumably legions of messenger boys, that: "Les Editions Larousse are at Nos. 17 and 21 Rue Montparnasse. Here we are at No. 17 *Boulevard* Montparnasse."

To which injunction the veteran Parisian will reply: "*D'accord.*" □

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SELIGMAN & MURRAY (Continued from page 44)

sion of belief," defined as "basing a public-policy stance on an assumption about human beings that one knows to be untrue of oneself." Do you suppose Jeanne Allen believes herself capable of learning to the highest level if we're talking, say, about quantum mechanics? Of course not. Only a few silly people who have never tested themselves are under the illusion that they have no educational limits.

Putting that last sentence on the screen, however, makes me pause. Many bright liberal-arts graduates have *not* tested themselves. In the liberal arts and some of the soft sciences it is possible to get a PhD without having to confront that awful moment: "My God, studying hard won't be enough. It is beyond the power of my intellect to understand this." With me, it came halfway through a graduate course on the theory of matrices, and it was an invaluable lesson. Isaac Asimov once gave a rule of thumb for knowing when you've hit the wall: when you hear yourself saying to the professor, "I think I understand."

Another factor may also be operating here: the isolation of the cognitive elite. If you have never had a close acquaintance with an IQ below 100, then you have no idea what "dumb" really means.

Should we scold our conservative allies for this kind of naïveté? Chide, I guess. But I am uncomfortably aware of a sentence in a well-known conservative tome that reads, "I suggest that when we give such parents [who are actively engaged in their child's education] vouchers, we will observe substantial convergence of black and white test scores in a single generation." The book is *Losing Ground*, page 224. So I have a first-stone problem here.

DS: One last question: Have you had second thoughts about formulations in *The Bell Curve*?

CM: If Dick and I were writing it again, I suppose we would go over the section on race and put in a few more italics, and otherwise try to grab readers by the shoulders and shake them out of their hysteria. But it probably wouldn't do any good. We would certainly incorporate an analysis of siblings into the chapters of Part II that deal with IQ and social problems—the kind of analysis I did in that *Public Interest* article you mentioned earlier. And there's a highly technical error we made that had the ef-

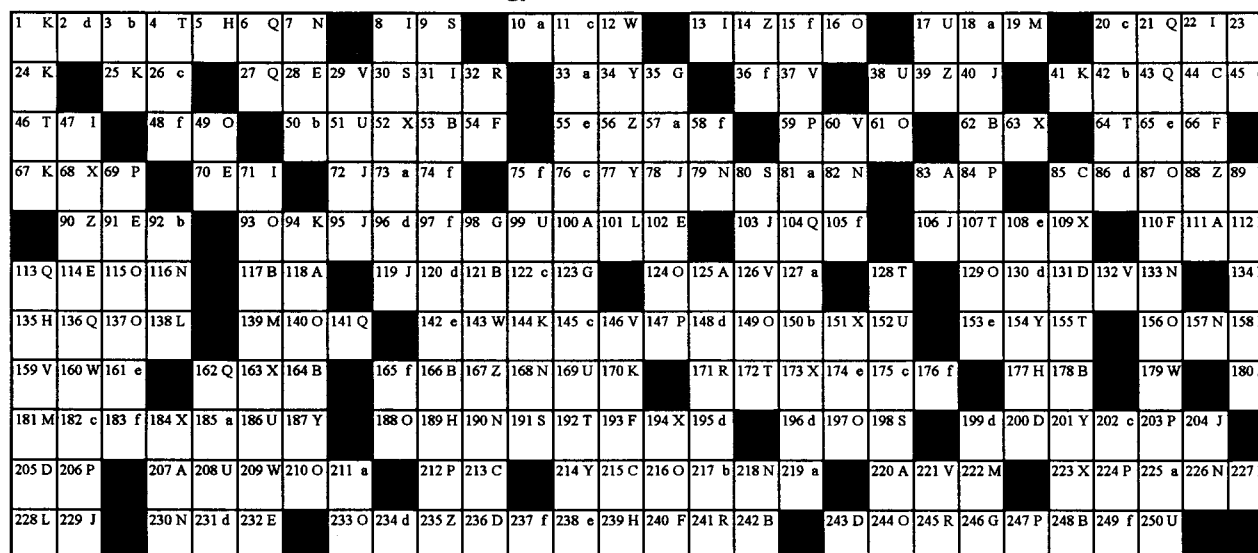
fect of understating the statistical power of our results; I would like to fix that. But that's about all. The book's main themes will endure just fine.

The reality of a cognitive elite is becoming so obvious that I wonder if even critics of the book really doubt it. The relationship of low IQ to the underclass? Ditto. Welfare reform is helping the argument along, by the way, as journalistic accounts reveal how many welfare mothers are not just uneducated, but of conspicuously low intelligence. The intractability of IQ? Dick and I said that IQ was 40 to 80 per cent heritable. The identical-twin studies continue to suggest that the ultimate figure will turn out to be in the upper half of that range. More importantly, the literature on "nonshared environment" has developed dramatically since Dick and I were researching *The Bell Curve*. Its core finding is that, whatever the role of environment may be in determining IQ, only a small portion of that role consists of influences that can be manipulated (through better child-rearing, better schools, etc.). For practical purposes, the ability of public policy to affect IQ is probably smaller than Dick and I concluded.

With regard to race differences, nothing has happened to change our conclusions about the cultural fairness of the tests, the equal predictive validity of the tests, or the persistence of the 15-point gap. Recent data from the NLSY indicate that in the next generation not only is the black-white gap failing to shrink, but it may be growing.

So I do not expect any major finding in *The Bell Curve* to be overturned. I realize that attacking the book has become a cottage industry. The *New York Times* recently used one such attack to announce that our "noxious" conclusions have been definitively refuted. But in the same month that this most recent definitive refutation was published, the journal *Intelligence* had a special issue devoted to IQ and social policy. The articles in it are not written as defenses of *The Bell Curve*; they just happen to make our case on a wide variety of points. And that's the way the debate will eventually be resolved—not as a judgment about a book that has been almost buried by controversy, but by continuing research on the same issues. As that happens, it is not just that Dick and I will be proved right. We will be proved to have been—if you will pardon the expression—conservative. □

TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| A. Decorative morsel | 207 220 111 125 100 118 83 | Q. Plenty | 162 27 113 104 141 136 21 43 6 |
| B. Author of <i>Medea</i> and <i>The Bacchae</i> | 53 117 121 62 166 248 164 242 178 | R. Eminent, stately | 32 112 171 241 245 |
| C. With this federal nuisance about, no businessman is safe | 213 215 85 44 | S. 1996 presidential candidate | 30 9 198 80 191 |
| D. Hillel or Maimonides for instance | 131 236 243 205 200 | T. Part, sort | 4 172 192 128 155 107 64 46 |
| E. Magnificent, resplendent | 158 227 28 114 232 70 91 102 | U. Thankfulness | 250 51 38 17 208 99 186 152 169 |
| F. Receded | 66 110 240 193 54 | V. Where one harvests cranberries (3 words) | 60 221 126 159 37 146 29 132 |
| G. Flash, style | 35 98 246 123 | W. Her virgins kept the home fires burning | 209 12 143 160 179 |
| H. Mountains dividing Asian from European Russia | 177 189 239 135 5 | X. Massasoit, for instance (2 words) | 223 63 89 184 68 163 194 109 52 151 173 |
| I. Storied, renowned | 71 22 8 13 31 47 | Y. Centaur slain by Hercules | 34 214 77 187 154 201 |
| J. Sonar sounding device | 119 103 95 106 72 204 40 78 229 23 | Z. William Bradford to the rest of the Pilgrims | 180 90 235 167 88 56 14 39 |
| K. Obligated | 25 94 67 41 1 144 24 170 | a. Pilgrims' port of departure for Holland | 81 127 73 10 18 33 219 225 57 185 211 |
| L. Helpmate to Adam | 138 228 101 | b. Dutch artist beloved for his tricks of perspective | 3 42 50 150 217 92 |
| M. The Romans' plumbum | 181 19 139 222 | c. Greek troubadour | 175 11 145 45 26 182 202 76 20 122 |
| N. Calamitous omens (2 words) | 7 157 79 133 134 190 226 230 218 168 116 | d. Wife's Thanksgiving kitchen rival (3 words, hyphenated) | 196 120 195 231 86 96 148 234 2 130 199 |
| | 82 | e. Privy | 174 238 108 65 153 55 161 142 |
| O. Heart's desire of John Alden and Miles Standish (3 words) | 216 115 49 61 87 93 16 210 140 188 156 | f. President Bush's supranationalist folly (3 words) | 249 176 48 36 58 74 237 105 165 15 75 |
| | 233 149 137 124 244 129 197 | | 97 183 |
| P. Traditional cuisine for Thanksgiving | 59 203 224 84 247 212 69 147 206 | | |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-gram. FLORENCE KING: *Volunteer Fascism*: "Companies forced to hire welfare mothers will be forced to give them paid release time so they can be forced to volunteer to read to the children of mothers still on welfare who in turn will be forced to volunteer to read to the children that the ex-welfare mothers left untended when they were forced into the labor market."

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Scrambled Justice

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11

It's worth a moment to reflect on the idea of justice gone wild. What comes to mind is lynch justice. Or "vigilante" justice. As an exercise, assume that the jury had freed Louise and that a crowd of angry reactors, pledging the protection of innocents, had stormed into her jail and strung her up. Their excuse, if they were detected and arraigned, would have been that they were correcting an abuse of justice. The prosecutors would point out to the jury that abuses of justice can't be put in the hands of mobs. But what happened in Boston was an orderly reaction against an alleged miscarriage of justice at the hands of a scholarly and sedate judge.

Much of the United States and all of Great Britain is wild with grateful glee. The contention there, sometimes spoken, everywhere implied, is that but for the judge, a terrible injustice would have been accepted—15 years in jail (minimum). If this were so, then anger might have reasonably developed against the perpetrators of injustice, the jury. But here the confusion mounts, because, in his edict, the judge took pains to exonerate the jurors: indeed he thanked them profusely for their work.

Attention was given, on Monday and Tuesday, to the intricate question of the tactics of the defense. Mr. Scheck might have pursued the line that Louise had indeed killed the baby, but that it was an understandable accident—she had no reason to suspect that the gestating lesion in the baby's brain would be sensitive to what for any other eight-month-old child would have been merely a little admonitory knock on the head ("Now quiet down, you little brat, I'm tired of your yelling"); so-what time. But as every schoolchild now knows, the defense thought to win it all the way, by pleading that the baby had been "killed" not by Louise, but rather by a jolt that might have come from any quarter, indeed from the baby's mother giving him routine attention.

What the judge did was to say that such a line of defense might have been taken. The judge faced the need not absolutely to undermine the jury, which is why his verdict was that the

mishandling of the baby by Louise was indeed the proximate cause of the baby's death. This also made it easier on appeal. If the court had held that Louise was not the agent of the baby's death, the higher courts would have had to decide on a black-vs.-white question of fact, and questions of fact are supposed to be the responsibility not of judges, but of juries.

The question inevitably occurs: Why do we need juries if the judge has the matter so completely in hand? The easiest answer to this is that just as a judge can mitigate excesses of a jury, so a jury can mitigate excesses of the prosecution, though not always excesses of the defense. Moreover, a jury that finds guilt can be overridden, but not a jury that finds innocence. That much for the legal picture.

But there is anger on the part of a prosecution that believes it proved beyond a reasonable doubt that Louise handled the child in such a way as to risk his life, as a drunk driver traveling 100 miles per hour risks the lives of himself and others. However compelling the prosecution's case, the public, one would judge, is not going to tear out its hair the way we all did on the O. J. Simpson case, where the evidence was incandescently there, to prove that O.J. had killed his wife and her innocent escort. Every time a clear-headed American passes him on the street, he will gag not only at the unpunished crime committed, but at the strutting symbol of the law's corruption.

It won't be that way with Louise Woodward. There will be plenty of people who think her guilty of gross carelessness, of giving way to a temper, or of unschooled manners in dealing with a baby. But not, one would guess, people who think of her as a callous killer who set out to end the life of the baby. The prosecution did establish that Louise was self-indul-

gent, an all-night pleasure-seeker. But she is not in the category of the Moor murderers, and the probability is that she will one day have children of her own and will treat them with great care, and that every night she will say her prayers, with a most earnest one for Judge Hiller Zobel. □

Did Jiang Teach Us Anything?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31

"Mr. President, President Clinton said in his exchange with you that on the matter of human rights you were on the dark side of history. What is your comment on that?"

Mr. Jiang's reply was anticipated by anyone who reads the press thoughtfully. He would say three things, in whatever order. He would say that the matter being discussed is an internal concern of the Chinese. He would say that countries undergoing national development need to give primacy to economic arrangements. He would say that the matter being discussed is an aspect of national culture. And he would say that the culture of the Chinese people is a very old culture. He would be guaranteed to mention Confucius, and guaranteed not to mention that Confucius had a very bad time trying to get his projected reforms listened to by men in power 2,500 years ago.

The first point is correct only in the abstract. It is true that Peking will decide what to do in the matter of human rights. But no policies are entirely the isolated concerns of ruling governments when the international press gives substantial attention to them. Pressures are generated. These pressures do not predictably prevail, but they are not for that reason entirely ignored. There are pressures on the Near East to seek out a *modus vivendi* that secures the State of Israel and gives the Palestinians a homeland. There are pressures on Switzerland to clean up the Nazi-gold business, on Ireland to end terrorism, on Libya to give up its sequestered terrorists. It is not even true that one is entirely free to choose one's spouse. Ambient pressures encourage and discourage alternative arrangements.

It is true that economic desperation argues government intervention. As recently as a few years ago, ration cards were actually printed in Washington, D.C., in anticipation of a shortage of fuel that never materialized. It is very recent knowledge garnered by economists of fine exploratory minds that the best way



"Oh dear! Well, look me up if you ever get reincarnated, okay?"

to fight economic shortage is to encourage sharply the free market. But it is nowhere argued that if starvation threatens, it is less than a responsibility of government to organize the delivery of food; or, if there is plague, to effect the distribution of medical care and supplies. And on this point there is much light in China given its explicit turn to the free market in the south and its decision to privatize Chinese industry. What Jiang is stuck with is the formalisms of socialism. It is a reasonable hope that these will fade away with the passage of time, like Western strictures that derived from a belief in the divine right of kings.

On the matter of a native culture, one has to pause. We believe that whatever freedom we uncover in America on Monday must be universalized on Tuesday, or else we have a quarrel with the retrograde nation. We believe, for instance, in the absolute free passage of information in whatever form, and for that reason were horrified by the initiative of M. Mitterrand a few years ago to stand in the way of the CocaColanization of France. The frogs wanted to preserve the French cultural industry from being swamped by Hollywood. They had a point.

At much more basic levels we are required to ask ourselves: Is it entirely reasonable to expect that all other countries in the world will acknowledge our schedule of human rights simultaneously? Yes, we have an enumeration done immediately after the war by the United Nations. Formal acceptance of this catalogue of rights was undertaken by the Soviet Union in 1973 and amounted to exactly nothing—Moscow never hesitated to sign any document to any effect and then proceed to ignore it.

We decided in 1920 that women should be permitted to vote. The discovery of women's rights took a very long count-down from the Magna Carta, about seven hundred years. A Far East scholar focusing on Vietnam's election after the fall of Diem in 1963 remarked to me that elderly Vietnamese thought it quite amusing that Westerners should think that out of a ballot box should spring a president and a legislature and social policies. We, in turn, feel confident in condescending to the lost souls who haven't heard about the virtues of democracy.

And it is right that we should do so. We are confident that the values we declare are suitable everywhere, and we condemn culture lags. That is the way, having freed our own slaves, that we crowd onto the historical bandwagon and urge others to free theirs. But it is useful to bear in mind that these things do take time, and that the high energy we feel in affirming

and asserting our ideals doesn't necessarily go out in a signal that rips through the ether of Asia to cause instant transformations. Sometimes we have to wait, but it is very good to wait impatiently. □

Is Marijuana Fear A Myth?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14

The broadsides are everywhere. The President warns against those who are "soft" on drugs. Steve Forbes writes of "an insidious effort . . . to legalize drugs. Medical marijuana is the stealth legalizers' Trojan Horse." It is refreshing that State Senator John Vasconcellos in California is determined to authorize a simple examination of the factual questions about the use of marijuana. He has impressive co-sponsors for his bill to establish a Medical Marijuana Research Center at the University of California.

Along comes a small book which is a miracle of intelligent concision. It is called, *Marijuana Myths/Marijuana Facts*. Its authors are Lynn Zimmer, a professor of sociology at Queens College in New York City, and Dr. John P. Morgan, a physician and professor at the CCNY Medical School. The publisher is the Lindsmith Center in New York, a research center outspokenly committed to the legalization of marijuana. But hear this about a remarkable book:

It comprises twenty assertions about marijuana, which the authors term "myths." Each of the chapters, on the initial page, states the "myth," cites sources for it, and gives the authors' conclusion in one hundred words. That page is followed by an essay extending their reasons for their judgment.

Let's recite the first page in its entirety:

"Myth. 'Marijuana's harms have been proved scientifically. In the 1960s and 1970s, many people believed that marijuana was harmless. Today we know that marijuana is much more dangerous than previously believed.'"

The authors then give five sources for the judgment above. To wit,

"Every single scientific study that has been done in the last several years shows alarming increases in the toxicity and the danger of using marijuana." (The source for this and subsequent citations is given in the appendix.)

"Parents . . . who used marijuana a generation ago . . . need to realize . . . that research has shown the drug to be far more dangerous . . . than was known in the 1960s and 1970s."

"New research tools, including sophisticated brain scanners and methods for studying the brain's system of chemical messengers . . . provide new insights on the often subtle effects of marijuana."

"There are over ten thousand documented studies available that confirm the harmful physical and psychological effects of smoking marijuana."

And, finally, "Whatever you may have heard or thought about marijuana in the '60s, '70s, and '80s, forget it."

Then, under "Fact," comes the authors' evaluation of the above:

"In 1972, after reviewing the scientific evidence, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse concluded that while marijuana was not entirely safe, its dangers had been grossly overstated. Since then, researchers have conducted thousands of studies of humans, animals, and cell cultures. None reveal any findings dramatically different from those described by the National Commission in 1972. In 1995, based on thirty years of scientific research, editors of the British medical journal *Lancet* concluded that 'the smoking of cannabis, even long term, is not harmful to health.'" A ten-page essay on the point follows.

Among the "myths" examined are: M[arijuana] and Addiction; M, Hard Drugs, and the Gateway Theory; M Law and Punishment; Dutch M Policy; M, Motivation, and Performance; M, Psychology, and Insanity; M and the Immune System; M's Persistence in the Body; M and Highway Safety; The Potency of M; Preventing M Use.

Now it's one thing to say (I say it) that people shouldn't consume psychoactive drugs. It is entirely something else to condone marijuana laws the application of which resulted, in 1995, in the arrest of 588,963 Americans. Why are we so afraid to inform ourselves on the question? The Zimmer-Morgan Book is available for \$17 (I refuse to write \$16.95) from the Lindsmith Center, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10106. Surely legislators who write marijuana laws and judges who sentence marijuana users should inform themselves on these questions? It is terrifying and humiliating to remind ourselves that ten thousand people every week are arrested for marijuana handling because legislators do not pause over evidence as readily obtainable as is now the case in a book that is exemplary, in terms of research graphically presented and concisely rendered, on a large public question. It may be very dumb to use marijuana. But it is surely very wrong for those who inveigh on the question to fail to consult this little book. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

BRACE yourselves, this is an upbeat column. The Virginia gubernatorial election and the reaction to the verdict in the "Au Pair Murder Trial" put a song in my heart.

As you know, our new Republican governor-elect, James S. Gilmore III, won a thunderous victory with a single issue: his promise to abolish the "car tax," an annual levy based on the assessed value of cars and trucks.

I doubt Gilmore can do it, but that's not the point. What has my toes curling is the dud Bill Clinton fired when, campaigning for the Democrat candidate, he warned that school budgets would suffer without the car-tax money: "This really is a question about whether Virginians will be selfish in the moment or selfless for their children and the future."

Weepy, the eighth dwarf, made a boo-boo. Instead of generating guilt he infuriated people. Letters columns filled up with vituperative rejoinders ("How dare he?") and talk radio turned into one big sputter of rage. For once, no one melted at the sacred word "children."

The same week, the second-degree murder conviction of au pair Louise Woodward triggered a spontaneous outpouring of support for her, along with demands that the verdict be dismissed and her sentence reduced to time served. As I write, the judge has not yet ruled on the requests, but again, that's not the point. What energizes me here is the spectacle of child-worshipping Americans rallying behind an English girl accused of infanticide. YESSS!

I see a light at the end of our tunnel vision. Americans are beginning to understand that adults count, too.

How they lost sight of this fact in the first place is not hard to fathom. A glance through my files makes it abundantly clear.

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader and other books.

Headlines: STARVATION IN N. KOREA; REPORTS OF CHILDREN DYING.

Mary McGrory on Waco: "Nobody except their families would much care about the fiery deaths of the cultists if it weren't for the children."

Firefighter Randy Woods of the Oklahoma bombing: "Grown-ups, you know, they deserve a lot of the stuff they get. But why the children? What did the children ever do to anybody?"

It so happens that children are the source of the blanket of fear that now hangs over the head of every American adult.

Ann Landers on child sexual abuse: "I urge all who have a strong suspicion to act on it. You will have performed a humanitarian service."

The ubiquitous public-service announcement: "Concerned persons can report abuse anonymously. If they give their names, confidentiality is guaranteed by law."

The abuse witchhunt has given children power over adults to a degree never before seen in any society. False accusations are always blamed on overzealous social workers or prosecutors who supposedly planted the idea in the children's minds and coached them through their stories, but to believe that this is always the case is to spurn what W. C. Fields and I have worked so hard to establish.

The Sinless Child ranks with the Noble Savage as a repository of cracked idealism. Unable to think in the intellectual sense, children twitch and flicker in response to the stimuli of the moment like nocturnal creatures on the Discovery Channel, sensing with unerring instinct the perfect moment to strike.

They have a knack for locating adults' soft spots and a sense of timing that can set up an embarrassing moment to the millisecond. The evident nervousness parents exhibit when they bring adult strangers home suggests that the words "Oh, you mustn't say that!" have been spoken before, probably not for the last time. It is a known fact, always denied, that handicapped people, people with

scars, homely people, and bald men don't like to be around children because the little farflings have a mean streak wide enough to drive a truck through.

Since child abuse became the bee in every bonnet, children have caught on to its usefulness as the fork in every tongue. Taught in "awareness" lectures how to report anyone who so much as looks at them crooked, they know they have adults in the palms of their grubby little hands.

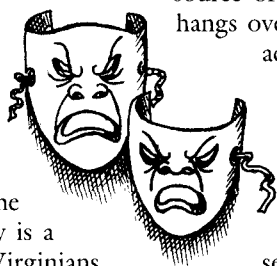
Adults also know it, which is why they are nervous wrecks. Teachers, camp counselors, day-care workers, sports coaches to whom the pat on the backside is second nature are all scared to death. So even are kindly souls who actually love children and enjoy making friends with them, like the editor of my local paper whose column about a misinterpreted action concluded: "It is sad that I, as well as other men I know, have stopped smiling at children in supermarkets."

Others have stopped frowning and yelling. The curmudgeonly retirees who used to chase children away from their flower beds and demand that the paper boy hit the porch now don't dare open their mouths, knowing that where revenge once was limited to overturned ashcans, it might now be a charge of child abuse.

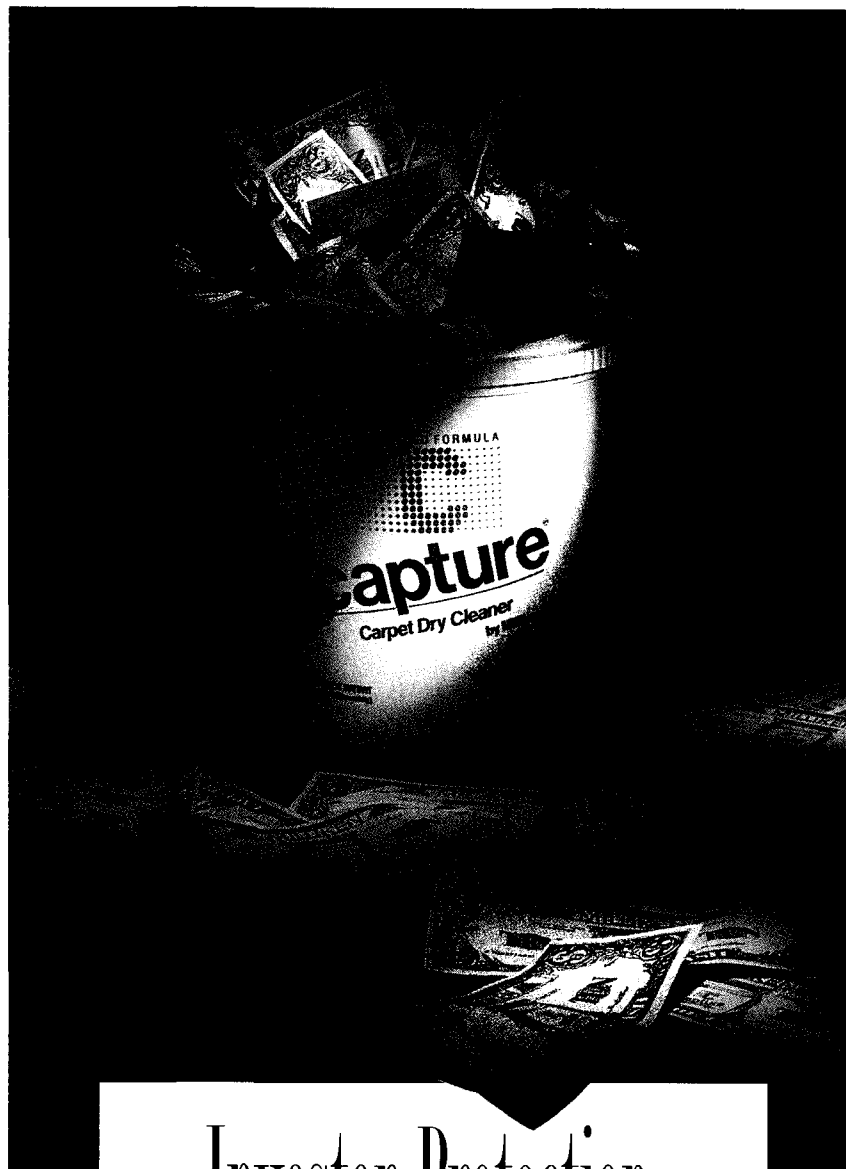
WHAT we fear, we hate. I don't claim that Americans have risen to my level of child-hatred—many are called, few are chosen—but signs indicate that they are fed up enough to admit that all it takes is one child to raze a village.

That Bill Clinton's trick of using the little battering rams for political purposes blew up in his face in Virginia suggests that the Diaper Gap finally may be closing. To take advantage of this, Republicans should stop protesting, as Orrin Hatch did, that the GOP "does not hate children." They should ignore the "talking points" their consultants give them, such as using "children" in every other sentence, and they should take Robert Novak's advice to "find a national application of the no-car-tax principle."

I suggest abolishing taxes on savings interest. If they stand fast in the face of dire predictions about its impact on "children's programs," they may find that when Americans have a choice between hostages to fortune and fortune, they'll choose fortune. □



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